

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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## A FINE COLOUR PLATE NEXT WEEK

### SHOOTING THE RAPIDS

#### THRILLING RIDE ON THE WATERS

The Stuff a British Columbia Girl is Made Of

#### HEROISM AND TRAGEDY

A Canadian girl of fifteen has passed through an ordeal which would have tested the endurance of many men.

She is the daughter of Thomas Smith, an elderly man, a prospector of Yukon, and many a time these two have threaded their way along the waters of the Laird River in their boat made, native fashion, out of skins.

They set out one morning from Old Fort Laird in British Columbia, bound for the Lower Laird River. The skin boat rode on easily enough, and Smith and his daughter talked happily over their oars.

#### Shooting the Rapids

It was a very dangerous passage, for they had to keep clear of a terrible stretch called—not without reason—Hell's Gate Rapids. As they neared the spot, Smith became aware that his little boat was being drawn away from the bank into the current. He shouted to the girl, and the two bent to their oars. It was too late.

Strive as they might, the boat was drawn every minute closer to the grip of the swirling water amid stream. There was nothing for it but to shoot the rapids, and, shipping their oars, the two clung to the sides of their little craft. The roaring water, increasing in speed and tumult, held them in its grip. Ahead was the dread place where the current leaped and thundered over hidden rocks.

Now they were at the Gate. Suddenly a leaping mass of water crashed into their boat sideways. She turned over like a little walnut-shell.

#### A Fearful Hour

The father shouted to his girl to cling to the boat, while he used all his strength to keep himself afloat. She struggled to reach the little vessel dancing in the stream. Twice the water closed over her head. As she came up, with a last desperate effort she flung herself on a rope fastened to the boat. Breathing a moment and shouting to her father to hold up, she righted the vessel and climbed in. She had succeeded in rescuing an oar. Then it seemed that her father was in difficulties. Both boat and swimmer were being carried downstream all the time. The girl threw her last oar to the man's help. The piece of wood was swept away. The man went under as the boat shot by.

Scarcely knowing what she was doing, the distraught girl clung to the sides of her little craft. The Gate passed, the lower rapids lay before her. She had no oar, but she managed to guide the boat with her hands, and for thirty miles she

rode the fierce rapids of the Upper Laird. At last she succeeded in working the little vessel into an eddy, then into quiet water, and so to shore. There she hastily made herself a pair of rough oars with an old handsaw which was fastened inside the boat. This girl of

extraordinary strength and great resource then set off on another journey, and rowed the boat thirty more miles to Sutherland's Camp. There she told her story. A party set out and a search was made, but poor Thomas Smith was never seen again.

### The Policeman's Friend



The police are more and more finding the Alsatian wolfhound a useful colleague and friend, and many of these fine dogs are being trained to assist in the detection of crime and the preservation of order. Here is a splendid specimen of an Alsatian wolfhound entered for the recent police trials

### THE CRADLE OF U.S.A.

THEY have just been commemorating in Lincolnshire one of the most dramatic events in the story of the world.

We all know the noble history of the Mayflower, which carried the Pilgrim Fathers to found a country free from the tyranny of the Stuarts, where they could worship God as they pleased. That was in 1620; but when the Mayflower sailed the story was already twelve years old.

It was at a lonely Lincolnshire creek, where now stands the busy port of Immingham, that the Pilgrim Fathers first

embarked in 1609. They went first to live among the Dutch, before they turned their eyes westward to the New World, and so it was out of a little Lincolnshire village that there came the beginnings of the United States.

At Immingham there has now been unveiled an obelisk crowned with a block of grey granite from the Rock (now called the Pilgrim Rock) on which the Pilgrim Fathers landed. It bears the inscription: *From this creek the Pilgrim Fathers first left England in 1609, in search of religious liberty.*

### 91 TAKES A WALK DOWN THE STRAND

#### A GENTLE SAVAGE OF THE ADELPHI

Missing the Four-in-Hands at the G.P.O.

#### A FRIEND OF THE ADELPHI

Walking down the Strand the other day was an old familiar figure there, a man of ninety-one, probably the most picturesque figure in our capital.

He is the oldest member of the Savage Club in the Adelphi, the oldest walker in those beautiful and dignified byways of the Strand. His name is Mr. E. J. Odell and he lives in the Charterhouse.

People in the City often see him and say "There goes the old gentleman again." He wears a large black slouch hat over his thick white hair and a black cloak that reminds one of artists in Paris. He goes gently along, too old now to be surprised at anything. Ever since he can remember anything people have been talking of the terrible new days they live in. One generation is just like the last, says he.

#### The Old Mail Coaches

Mr. Odell takes the times as they are, but now and again has a little grumble. He misses the grandeur of old London. He thinks of the days when he used to go to the General Post Office to see the great mail coaches start with their fine four-in-hands, shining harness, and drivers and guards in handsome uniform. He knows that the G.P.O. railway underground is a wonderful thing, but he would like to hear the whips crack, and hear the posthorn, and see the teams prance off again.

Like most men who live to a ripe old age, Mr. Odell is a great walker. He thinks nothing of walking from the Charterhouse down to the Adelphi.

#### Haunts of Beauty

Two years ago we were told that the Adelphi, built by the brothers Adam in the eighteenth century, was doomed to disappear. Mercifully, certain difficulties about leases and foundations stayed the hand of the destroyers. Better still, the Royal Society of Arts now own their own freehold, so that we may hope that all the Adams buildings will not disappear. We are hoping against hope that these houses may still be left.

There are hundreds of men and women who love this part of old London, and nothing could atone to them for the loss of the Adelphi. We shall have many architects of great storeyed buildings rise up among us, but never again shall we see the Adam brothers at work making lovely things.

Should these byways of an old architectural aristocracy disappear we shall feel like Mr. Odell, who said, "Most of my friends are dead, but I still go to the old haunts looking for their shadows."



## ROBERT BURNS'S ROAD TO RUIN FIRE SWEEPS A TRAGIC PLACE AWAY

From Beautiful Mary Morison  
to Ugly Richard Brown

### A FRIEND'S BAD COMPANY

One of the homes of Robert Burns has been burned down in Ayrshire.

It was the house at Irvine in which Burns lived the last few months of 1781 and the first few months of 1782. The room Burns occupied, for which he paid a rent of about a shilling a day, remained practically as he knew it, and its destruction robs Scotland of an interesting place of pilgrimage.

We are not sure if it was not one of the most interesting spots in the whole realm of Robert Burns, for it was here that he set out on that swift road to ruin which has made his immortal figure one of the most pathetic in the world.

### Burns Leaves the Farm

Burns was not hopelessly lost when he went to live in Irvine to enter a flax-dressing business with a kinsman of his mother. He was 21, and therefore at a decisive time of life, and it happened that he had just fallen in love with Ellison Begbie, the farmer's daughter who is supposed to have been his Mary Morison:

O Mary, at thy window be;  
It is the wished, the trysted hour.  
Those smiles and glances let me see  
That make the miser's treasure poor.

He wrote her many love-letters while he was still working on his father's farm, but he was evidently disappointed in his love, for the last verse of Mary Morison runs:

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace  
Wha for thy sake wad gladly die?  
Or canst thou break that heart of his  
Whase only fault is loving thee?  
If love for love thou wilt na gie,  
At least be pity to me shown;  
A thought ungentle canna be  
The thought o' Mary Morison.

It was with this feeling in his heart that Burns left his father's farm at Tarbolton to begin work in Irvine, and it was there that he began a life of drink and vice. It was a sailor to whom the world largely owes this unfortunate tragedy of Burns, a man named Richard Brown.

### Robert's Sad Letter

The story is told by the Editor of the C.N. in a new book out this week (Arthur Mee's Talks to Boys) in which Arthur Mee points out that it was the conversation of a stranger that saved John Bunyan and the conversation of a friend that ruined Burns. We take this passage from his book:

The great poet had a pure mind as a boy, and was distressed by the conduct of men he saw about him. A merry boy was one of them, a sailor-lad whose life at sea had made him wild and free, and Robert Burns was drawn to him by what he thought his fine spirit of chivalry and independence.

They spent much time together, and the poet was captivated by his friend, but he found too late that the irregular life of a wild sailor-boy was not the manner of life for him. He paid dearly for a bright companion, and there is a letter from Robert Burns in which he sadly deplores the influence of his friend in leading him astray.

"His friendship did me a mischief," the poet wrote, and he recalled, as one of the first steps in his downward career, the loose talk of his companion about things which Burns had regarded with horror. He found himself

## A MINNOW TAKES A PRIZE

Fisherman's Luck  
EIGHTY HOURS OF FISHING  
AND WHAT CAME OF IT

We have heard many fish stories that were not true. Here is one that is true. At Coalville, in the heart of the Leicestershire coalfield, there is a minnow which has made a pitman's holiday.

An angling competition was held, the prize to go to the angler who had the biggest catch. Forty anglers fished for two hours apiece, but in spite of ground-bait, gentles, worms, and every kind of lure, only one fish was tempted. It was a simple minnow, an inch and a half long, which fell to the rod of Mr. George Howell. He took the prize.

It is reported that two anglers on the previous evening had caught 34 fish between them out of the same pond. That story does not bear the same ring of truth as the tale of the minnow. Few who know the healthy but coaly neighbourhood of Coalville will be able to recall any pond or purling stream likely to have as many as 34 fish in it eager to take the bait. But if so many fish at a time were really captured, it would not be surprising to find only one minnow left. It must have hoped to make a dash through the ring fence of the forty anglers.

## INDIA TODAY A Mile of Pictures

We can get a very good idea of what India is like without going to the East, for the London Polytechnic has introduced to us the new film showing India Today, which is to be shown in all our great towns.

The film, giving scenes from Cape Comorin in the South to the Khyber Pass on the North-West Frontier, has been taken by Mr. Henry Howse, who accompanied Shackleton on one of his early Arctic expeditions. He took about five and a half miles of film, and the 7000 feet we see show elephants helping in building, like great walking cranes; fishermen who hold the fish they catch in their mouths till they reach shore; a bull fair in the jungle, where we find ourselves in the midst of 38,000 head of cattle; blind Boy Scouts of Palamcottah building up their camp; young Indian aristocrats playing at tent-pegging, and little Indian workers at spinning wheels.

Perhaps most sad, even more sad than the pictures of the villages of the out-castes, are the great, gloomy tenements which are being erected in Bombay for the thousands of peasants who come in from the villages to work so long and so hard for a small wage in the factories which the West has now introduced to the East. Here two and three families live in one room.

One of the most delightful incidents in this interesting film is the acting by a group of little Indians of the story of the Good Samaritan.

The film has been taken on behalf of five of the big missionary societies, and we hope that all our readers will see it.

Continued from the previous column

regarding them with horror less and less, and in the end he found pleasure in what would once have given him pain, and was at last to prove his ruin.

It is curious that while Burns was living at Irvine, where his house has just been burned down, his business was brought to the verge of ruin by a fire which burned his shop to ashes. Now another fire has taken away this tragic landmark in his tragic life.

## THE COMEDY OF VIENNA

Turning the Key on the  
Judge

### HOW SOME PEOPLE DO THINGS

Judge Ramsauer sat in the Old Bailey of Vienna, and, though he may have heard that there was a strike in the city, the rumour had not reached his official ear, and in any case he would not have believed that the judicial calm of his court would be disturbed by it.

But what was this the head gaoler was saying—something about removing the prisoner? The Judge glared over his spectacles, the counsellors turned to stare at the dock, the prisoner looked surprised but pleased. There was a shocked pause, and the Judge asked the gaoler to say it again. When he did, the Judge could still scarcely believe his ears. The gaoler repeated that as he was on strike he was about to remove the prisoner.

Now what was the Judge to do? He might commit the gaoler to prison for contempt of court, but who was to remove the gaoler? Twenty-five other gaolers entered the court to answer the question, but they explained that they were also on strike, and were going to remove themselves, their fellow-gaoler, and the prisoner.

### Waiting in Court

What was to be done? Nothing. Hard cases make bad law, and the strikers made it worse. The Judge ordered the Clerk of the Court to take a note of these criminal acts, and sank back exhausted. The Clerk made the note, the gaolers locked the door, and for three hours the Judge and his faithful satellite the Clerk waited in court for the strike to end.

The strikers, who included the underpaid gaolers, as well as underpaid postmen, and in fact, nearly all the employees of the Government, passed their resolutions that they should all be paid more, and after three hours of protest, returned to their work. The Judge and the Clerk were released, the prisoner was brought back, and the Law resumed its course again. Let justice be done, though wages fall!

## PIGEONS, TAKE CARE The Tragedy of an Aerodrome

Some pigeons came to a tragic end the other day at Croydon. They got in the way of an aeroplane propeller. Poor pigeons!

The birds have had the air so long to themselves that it must seem terrible to encounter monsters like aeroplanes rising in the sky.

These Croydon pigeons were amusing themselves flying about above the Handley Page passenger aeroplane as it was getting ready to start for Paris. The machine began to hum and the pigeons rose in a flock in the air. Something confused them, and what should the shining, fluttering little crowd do but get in the way of the huge propeller!

The pilot was distressed and rather surprised because, generally, birds give the planes a wide berth. These pigeons went straight between the blades of the propeller. The Handley Page went on, riding the air, but, alas, round the Croydon Aerodrome about thirty dead birds were picked up.

### Pronunciations in This Paper

Berkeley . . . . . Bark-le  
Jungfrau . . . . . Yoong-frow  
Meerschaum . . . . . Meer-shawm  
Siwalik . . . . . Se-wah-lik  
Wallachia . . . . . Wol-la-ke-ah

## THINGS SAID

### SLUMS OF THE MIND

The Marriage between Mr.  
Photography and Miss Wireless

### MORE WEALTH AND LESS CONTENT

The greater the genius the more  
simple the man. *Mr. Thomas Burke*

We must be humble, for we are com-  
passed by mysteries. *Dean Inge*

Agriculture is a good old carthorse to  
drag a nation out of its troubles.

*Mr. Lloyd George*

It is not our object to punish the  
aggressor; it is our object to prevent  
aggression. *Danish Delegate at the League*

Mr. Photography is going to marry Miss  
Wireless. Heaven help everybody when  
they are married. *Mr. Marcus Adams*

The most important thing in a modern  
city is its health, but second only to this  
is its libraries. *Mr. John Drinkwater*

A Scout must have courage, calmness,  
reflection, and, above all, sentiments of  
piety towards God and his Law. *The Pope*

A day will come when the gold  
America wishes to amass will be worth  
less than the blood we have shed.

*A letter from French Ex-soldiers*

We are realising today what our  
slums cost the nation in health and  
efficiency; but have we begun to realise  
that there are slums of the mind?

*Dr. Grant Robertson*

Those who are crying out against  
capitalists are the biggest hypocrites on  
Earth, for they have their money  
invested in everything.

*Secretary of South Wales Miners Federation*

It is appalling that outside two or  
three great cities it is impossible to see  
on sale a characteristic selection of the  
best literature.

*Mr. Stanley Jast, Manchester Librarian*

## THE WONDERFUL GUESS AT WEMBLEY

### And the Curious Reason Why

One day at Wembley 102 people  
guessed the right number of visitors. It  
may never happen again. How did it  
happen then? It is really very simple:

The figures were 56,789. They run in  
order. It was easy for anyone to hit on  
the proper first figure because all could  
tell that the attendance on that day of  
the week was somewhere round about  
fifty thousand. So nearly everybody  
would put down a 5 to begin with. Then  
what next? The first figure that comes  
into the head is a 6 or a 4, the figures  
nearest to a 5. So then numbers of  
people will (just for luck) go on to write  
figures down in sequence, 56789, or  
54321. These are, on the whole, the two  
easiest guesses to put down. They do  
not want any thought.

Thousands of minds work like that,  
and hundreds at Wembley work like  
that every day, for it is one of the  
oddest things about thought, that,  
though we may believe we alone have  
hit on an idea or a number, there is no  
such thing as solitary thinking. As a  
matter of fact, we all, especially in a  
crowd, tend to think alike.

But, though we think alike, the  
thought is not always right. By some  
chance the figures of the attendance  
that day at Wembley (56,789) favoured  
the simple thought of a number of  
people. That was the extraordinary  
thing, and not that a hundred people  
should have got the figures right. Any  
day when the number is an easy one to  
remember there are likely to be a number  
of correct guessers. It is when it has  
nothing easy about it that the correct  
guesses are few.



October 3, 1925

The Children's Newspaper

3

## SAFE PLACES FOR THE BIRDS.

### SHOULD WE PROTECT THE SPARROW-HAWK?

The Fierce Bird that Takes Refuge in Sanctuaries

### A WORD FOR THE PEREGRINE FALCON

A Barrow reader, an observer of bird life, complains that the sparrowhawk and the peregrine falcon are allowed to find a home in bird sanctuaries, and that even the C.N. has referred to them with toleration.

They are, he says, the most destructive of all birds, and in some districts small birds are becoming scarce because of the ferocity of the sparrowhawk. He thinks we ought to expose its evil deeds, and that it should not be allowed to take refuge in sanctuaries.

The question of the wholesale destruction of these destroyers is not so simple as our kindly correspondent makes it. Undoubtedly they are very destructive, but their removal from the list of British birds is not altogether a one-sided question.

Their presence in sanctuaries is an instance. It is a well-known fact that these birds of prey do not find their victims near the places where they make their homes. They hunt far afield. The birds in sanctuaries know this, and are not scared away by them.

#### Friend or Foe?

The birds on which the sparrowhawk likes best to live are the wood pigeon and the sparrow, both utterly destructive to farm produce. The farmer, therefore, has reason to thank them, though the gamekeeper and poultry rearer may regard them as enemies, because they also pounce on chicks. But we are not interested in the gamekeeper's point of view.

The sparrowhawk has many determined enemies who keep its numbers down. It seems more numerous than it is because it has an untidy habit of leaving traces of its victims, and not carrying them clean away as larger birds of prey do. Are we to disregard its usefulness in keeping a check on the rapacious wood pigeon, and are we to join in its extermination?

The peregrine falcon is already a rare bird. Once the most popular of all birds and the friend of man, even co-operating with him in his sports, it is a bird of finer flight and shape than any other that seeks to make a home with us. It is true that it knows no difference between the wood pigeon and the carrier pigeon, but if it goes a wonderful form of bird life will be lost.

#### The Balance of Nature

The problem of life that lives on life is beset with difficulties. Do we know enough to try to control it by our feelings? Can we adjust it? We cannot judge the fears and joys of other orders of creation by our own feelings, sympathies, and reflections. So fine an observer of bird life as W. H. Hudson held that the quick death of a bird killed in flight by a bird of prey is not the cruelty it may seem to us. It is as sudden and unfelt as that of the fly we despatch for the world's good.

The lurking sparrowhawk will never be a favourite, and the lordly falcon leaves us resentful of his deadly power as we watch his marvellous speed; but something may be said against the extermination of either by the hand of man, whose sympathy, good though it is, may outrun his knowledge, and may upset the natural balance of wild life.

#### THE PEOPLE PAY

It was mentioned at the Trades Union Congress that a London authority had been put to an expense of £400 a week because one union wanted to control the hot-water pipes and another union the cold-water pipes.

## AT HOME IN A BUS



Children listening-in on top of their bus home



Washing day in Busland



The back door of the bus house



Lunch-time in the bus home

Owing to the shortage of houses a number of people near Sunbury, Middlesex, have made bungalow homes out of old omnibuses. Though there is not a great deal of room, these bus homes have been made fairly comfortable, and they are fitted with wireless so that the occupants can listen-in. These pictures show the inside and the outside of the bungalows

## THE NEW SORT OF LIGHTHOUSE

### WIRELESS TO DRIVE THE OLD LIGHTS AWAY

How Ships will be Warned When in Danger

### THE MARCONI BEAM

Wireless will be the lighthouse of the future, the friendly ray which guides the steersman when no other lights can reach him from harbour or from shore.

When still October falls on the land the sea is vexed by gales alternating with fog, and of these fog is a thousand times the worse. When fog wraps the Channel from the Lizard to the Downs the throbbing hearts of the steamships almost stand still for fear of collision. The voices of their syrens shriek through the gloom like banshees, but, whereas the banshee is immaterial, it is the bulk of the steamship that is its greatest disability. Any moment death in the form of another like itself may loom up out of the fog to cut it down. Liner, tramp, coaster, and barque are one in a brotherhood of helplessness.

### The Perilous South Foreland

But if no ray of light can pierce the fog to help them there is now another ray that can, the speaking ray of wireless. It can tell them exactly where they are. If it cannot yet turn them off from one another (though that will come, too), it can warn them off the rocks and shoals. It is about to do so from the South Foreland, where a ship in a fog is as dangerously situated as a blind man in Piccadilly Circus.

The first part of the new invention, which is known as Marconi's Beam System, is to send such a wireless signal to fogbound ships that it cannot be mistaken for any other, and, still more important, cannot be jammed by interference from any other. The second part of the invention is that these signals shall be of a particular and unmistakable kind for the particular place where they are picked up.

For example, while a ship was in the region of the Goodwins, it would receive on its wireless aerial nothing but a fixed wave-length message which kept repeating the warning *Goodwins, Goodwins, Goodwins*, or a Morse letter to that effect. Similarly, when it was nearing the Shivering Sands, another warning letter would be hissed out. The North East Spit, the famous territory of the lightship at the Nore, would be heard by the warning letters.

### Time and Tune

An idea of the way it is done may be gained by imagining a clock face with Marconi's warning wireless placed at the centre, and a revolving pointer, like a second hand perpetually making the round of the clock. When the pointer is passing from twelve to one it is sending out a letter which belongs to that sector. At one o'clock it changes its tune and keeps it on till two; at two it changes again and keeps another sound till three, and so on. A ship in any of the clock-face sectors will know from the sound of the wireless signal exactly which of the sectors it is moving in and when it enters another.

Truly the world is being transformed on both land and sea by this marvel of our age.

### WATER-POWER GOING AHEAD

A dam now being planned on the Colorado River will take ten years to build, will cost £15,000,000, and will provide water to irrigate two million acres, besides yielding 600,000 horse-power of electricity.



## THE PITY OF IGNORANCE

How Hard it is to Help People

### THE WRONG USE OF GOOD THINGS

Ignorance is not always bliss, as Dr. Elizabeth Sloane Chesser can testify. She has brought back from Geneva an astounding story of ignorance in Eastern Europe.

Attending the Geneva conference on the care of children, at which 58 nations were represented, she learned that at a previous assembly a kind-hearted man furnished a generous supply of tooth-brushes and toothpaste. The result was not encouraging.

The parents reported that the brushes were useless for the purpose intended, as they were much too small to brush the children's heads! The paste, however, had been much esteemed, as the children loved it spread on their bread!

A lavish gift of tons of cocoa powder had also been attended by unexpected results; the walls of every cottage to which the cocoa had been sent were found to be discoloured a delicate brown!

### Strange Story of a Brush

People used to make somewhat similar mistakes here when new food-stuffs were first introduced into England. Tea was for long unpopular with poor people who brewed the drink, threw away the fluid, and ate the leaves.

But Eastern Europe, after all, does not err much more seriously in regard to the toothbrush than the uninstructed of our own poor. A famous London dentist who renders ungrudging service at a hospital received as a patient a poor girl of striking beauty, whose fine teeth were threatened for want of attention.

He treated her, and in sending her away said: "You have excellent teeth, but you must get a toothbrush and clean them regularly."

A year later she went back with her teeth in a distressing condition. The dentist turned to his file and looked up her record. "What have you done?" he asked. "I told you to get a toothbrush and clean your teeth regularly."

"I did, sir, and this is the result," she replied. His patient had bought and used a toothbrush, but her brother had also used it—for cleaning brass!

## THE LOST CRICKET STUMP

Found Inside a Tree

There was a great surprise the other day for some workmen at High Wycombe who were sawing up a big walnut tree.

After cutting away the outer part, and sawing a two-inch plank, they came upon a cricket stump embedded in the tree about two feet from the butt. The stump had a steel shoe, and as these stumps are no longer used it must have been there a considerable time.

The men naturally looked for an opening through which the stump could have got into the tree, but they could find none. What must have happened, apparently, is that when the tree was very young the stump was pushed into a crevice and the tree grew around it.

## A RAILWAY MONSTER

Can Haul a Two-Mile Train

Once more a little larger locomotive appears, and this time it is an electrical monster made for the Virginian Railway in America.

It weighs a million and a quarter pounds and has over 7000 horse-power. The engine is so long that it had to be made in three sections so that curves could be safely rounded, and under favourable conditions it can haul a train two miles long.

## SCOTLAND'S NEW TREASURE-HOUSE

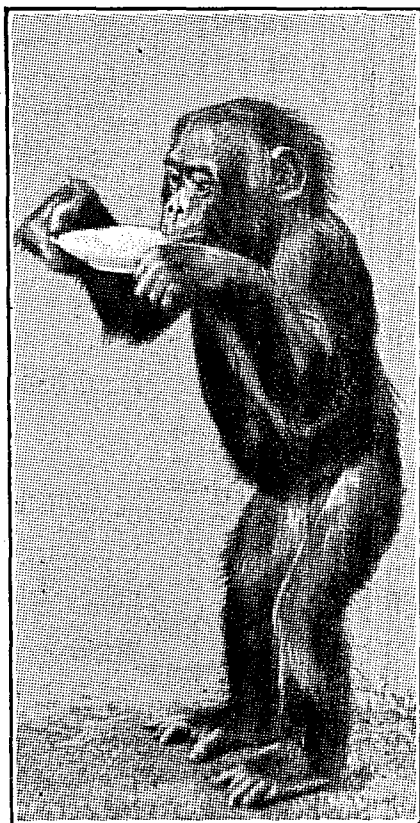
One of the Empire's Biggest Libraries

### THREE-QUARTERS OF A MILLION BOOKS

A red-letter day has just come to pass in Scotland for everyone who loves fine learning and fine books.

By Act of Parliament the Scottish nation has entered into the enjoyment of a noble library of three-quarters of a million books, surpassed in size and value only by the Bodleian and the British Museum. It was formerly the property of the Faculty of Advocates at Edinburgh, who found the cost of its upkeep growing beyond their means and offered it to the nation. That Scotland was able to accept the splendid gift is due to the generosity of her citizens, especially to Sir Alexander Grant, who gave £100,000.

Think what a wonderful library this is. It was begun 250 years ago, less than a century after Shakespeare, and Queen Anne gave it the right to claim a copy of every book entered at Stationers' Hall, so that it grew into one of the biggest libraries in the British Empire.



Toto refreshes himself. See page 7

## WATCHDOG OF THE LEAGUE

Death of the Big St. Bernard

The League of Nations has lost a friend. Bristol, its watchdog, is dead.

He was the big St. Bernard, aged 16, who has guarded the front door of the Palace of the League since its foundation. It is believed that he died from a cold after being washed in preparation for the Sixth Assembly of the League.

There were two "dogs of Peace" at Geneva, Bristol and his Alsatian companion Lulu. Bristol lived at the Palace when it was a great hotel, with his master, a Russian nobleman. The Russian went to America after the war, and his dog was left behind. Instead of becoming a rich idler he was put officially on the staff of the League of Nations, with a daily food allowance.

Everybody on the staff of the League knew the big dog and loved him. Bristol stood for strength, dignity, and mercy, eminently qualities of the League of Nations at its best.

## NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

The Metropolitan Railway has carried twelve million people to and from Wembley.

The Pope has addressed ten thousand Roman Catholic Boy Scouts from all parts of the world, 1000 being British.

### Her 104th Birthday

Admiral Jellicoe's aunt, Miss Catherine Jane Jellicoe, has been keeping her 104th birthday at Southampton.

### Honours for Deaf Mutes

Two deaf and dumb boys have passed the Senior Oxford Local, and another has taken honours in the Junior.

### A Lady of 103

A Wiltshire lady, Mrs. Arundell, has been visited by Lord Methuen on her 103rd birthday.

### A Boy's Walk to Wembley

A boy from Wolverhampton has walked 105 miles to see Wembley, and declares that it was worth it.

### Hobbs and His Run

With the ending of the cricket season Hobbs had scored over three thousand runs this year.

### A Million Visit St. Paul's

St. Paul's has had on an average from ten to fifteen thousand visitors a day this summer.

### First Sight of a Steamer

An old lady of eighty at Wembley saw a moving picture of a great liner coming into port. "Now I can say I have seen a steamer," she said.

### A Centenarian's Good Deed

Mr. Thomas Buck, a Yorkshire centenarian, has laid the foundation-stone of a new Wesleyan Chapel near his native place in the Washburn Valley.

### Balloon Crosses the Atlantic

A C.N. reader on holiday at Penzance picked up a toy balloon, washed ashore by the tide, which was found to have been sent up by a man in New York.

### Friend of Sunday Schools

Mr. W. H. Groser, the Grand Old Man of the Sunday School Union, has passed away at 91. He worked in Sunday Schools for 70 years.

## SAVED BY THE LEAGUE

Austria to Run Herself Next Year

One important piece of work on behalf of the League of Nations is almost done.

The Council has decided that the financial position of Austria is now so satisfactory that control by the League may cease in July next year. The Austrian Parliament, however, is to be asked first to pass a law that if at any time in the next ten years the Budget does not balance, or there is no money to pay for the League's loan, control by the League may be renewed.

Two men above all others are to be congratulated on this happy result of the League's help—the Burgomaster of Rotterdam, Dr. Zimmermann, the League's Commissioner at Vienna; and Dr. Seipel, until lately Prime Minister of Austria.

The progress of Hungary under a similar arrangement is equally satisfactory, but has not yet reached the point at which control can end.

## GALLANT STUDENTS

A Weekly Good Deed

The senior dental class at the University of the Philippines has done a very gallant thing.

Nor far away is the leper colony of San Lazaro, and when it was brought to their attention that the lepers had no means of getting dental attention, the students volunteered to arrange a weekly dental clinic to take care of all cases, and now once a week some of them go across to do what they can to help the suffering lepers.

## CROMWELL'S IDEA

Canada's Reminder of a Curious Scheme

### MAN WHO GAVE THE BIBLE TO THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS

News comes from Canada that the Six Nations Indians are proceeding against the New England Company with a claim for lands entrusted to the company in the reign of William IV.

The New England Company grew out of a body which had been founded by Cromwell some years previously. One of the Pilgrim Fathers, John Eliot, for sixty years a minister near Boston, in Massachusetts, had worked indefatigably among the Red Men of the Iroquois and other tribes which readers of Fenimore Cooper know so well.

News of his work reached England, and the Parliamentary Journals of 1648 record that "the Commons of England assembled in Parliament, having received intelligence that the heathens in New England are beginning to call upon the name of the Lord, feel bound to assist in the work." Funds were collected and invested in land, most of the interest being sent to help the work of John Eliot.

### A Long Word

Cromwell wanted to convert the old Chelsea College into a great missionary institution, and to divide the world into four mission fields directed by the State. The Restoration put an end to this scheme for a missionary society run by the Government, but the society was reorganised under the name of the New England Company.

John Eliot mastered the Mohican language and put it into writing, a not too easy matter, seeing that the word for catechism has 42 letters. He translated the whole of the Bible into that tongue, but, although there is a copy of the Mohican Bible in the Bible House in London today, there is not even a Last of the Mohicans to read it, and no one now knows more than a few words of that tongue.

But the New England Company is still in existence, with an office and a secretary in London, and it still provides funds for work among the few Red Indians who are left.

## STORY OF A GREAT HYMN

Abide with Me

There is no nobler spectacle in London by night than the sight of fifty thousand people singing *Abide With Me* in the great Stadium at Wembley. A great-grandson of the writer of the hymn has been reminding us how the words were written.

The Rev. Henry Francis Lyte, we are told by his great-grandson, had preached his last sermon as Vicar of Lower Brixham, Torbay, and had bidden farewell to his flock of fisherfolk and their families, knowing that he had only a few weeks more to live before consumption should end his days. As he walked home in face of a glorious sunset in that beautiful land "he prayed that before he died he might be allowed to write one message of consolation to humanity which would endure for ever."

When he got home, in spite of his fatigue, he wrote *Abide with Me*. Read the hymn again, especially the last verse, and this story of its origin will give the words a new meaning for you all your life. It was a wonderful answer to his prayer.

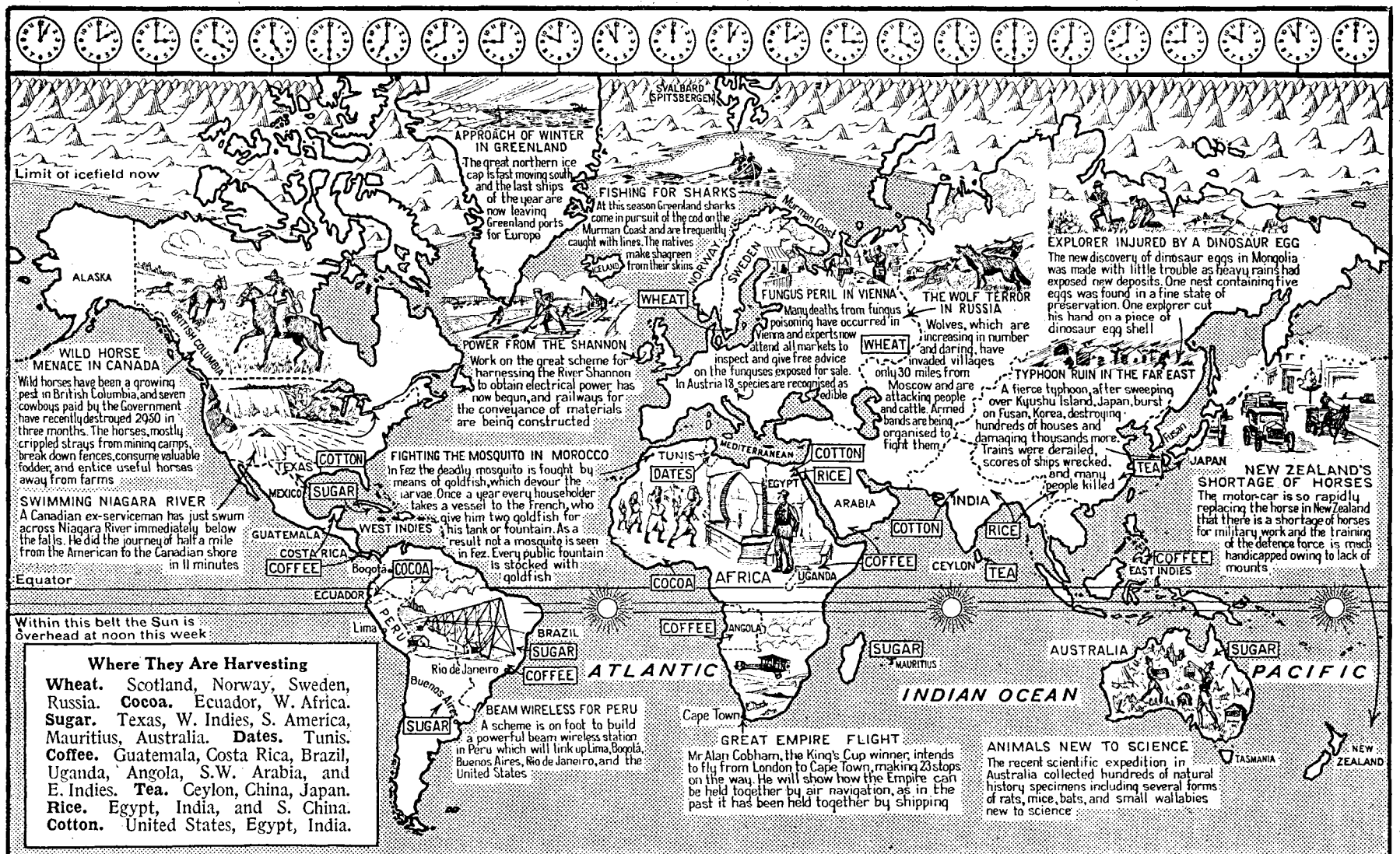
## BACK TO METAL AGAIN

Undoing Damage by Rust

A professor at Columbia University has developed a process whereby rust is said to return into its original metal. Ancient bronze figures which had almost lost their identity through rust have been restored.



## PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING HARVESTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



**NEXT WEEK'S C.N.  
£50 for a Nature Lover  
FREE COLOUR PLATES**

With next week's C.N. and the following issue will be given away a plate in full colour showing British dress for a thousand years.

Each plate will contain 25 figures, and the two together will form a complete panorama of British costume from the days before Alfred to the Victorian Era.

There will be a Nature Study test with a prize of £50, and many other awards for naming 25 common objects of the countryside.

A splendid new serial also starts in next week's issue, and to be sure of getting an early copy readers should place an order now.

## A LITTLE-KNOWN PEAK

### Five Days to Climb It

Little-known Mount Elbruz, the highest mountain in Europe, and an extinct volcano, has been figuring in the news.

It is the chief summit of the Caucasus range, and a few weeks ago the Georgia Geographical Society sent out a party, including five women, to climb it. They succeeded after a most notable ascent, for it took five days for the party to make their way over the fields of lava and ice.

Mount Elbruz is 18,500 feet high, and at 12,000 feet up the climbers had to shelter in tents for seventy hours during a raging snowstorm. At 9000 feet they established a hut as a station for meteorological records.

This great peak is only just within the boundaries of Europe, and that is why Mont Blanc, which is about 3000 feet lower than Elbruz, is so often spoken of as the highest mountain on the Continent.

## LOST AND FOUND IN A CHIMNEY

Remarkable Piece of Good Luck

A woman at Dunaskin, in Ayrshire, is congratulating herself on an extraordinary piece of good fortune.

Six months ago she threw on to the fire by mistake an envelope containing two pound notes, and, of course, she never expected to see the notes again. The other day, however, a sweep clearing out the chimney came upon the envelope with the notes still intact.

It must have been carried up the chimney by the draught.

## WEEK-ENDS IN GAOL

### How to Deal with Bad Husbands

A capital suggestion has been made for punishing bad fathers and husbands. At present when a men is sentenced to a week or a fortnight in prison the very people it is his duty to protect suffer most, for the family breadwinner has been taken away.

The new idea is that the culprit should be put in prison for week-ends. That would allow him to earn money for his family during the week, and would save them from having to share the punishment of his crime.

## SAFETY FIRST IN LANES

### A New Law

A new Act of Parliament has just come into force which deals with the nuisance of trees or hedges overhanging the roads, obscuring the light of street lamps, obstructing vehicles, or preventing the drivers from seeing ahead.

Local authorities have now the right to compel the owners to keep their trees and hedges in order, or to do the work themselves and charge the owner.

**ARTHUR MEE'S TALKS**  
**Two New Volumes**

Momentous changes have come upon the world since Arthur Mee's Letters to Boys and Girls appeared, but both books have been selling steadily since.

It was Dr. Clifford who wished that his start in life could have been illumined and cheered and guided by the Letters to Boys; it is Mr. Stephen Paget who says of the Letters to Girls: "They are charming—Wordsworth and Ruskin, two good masters."

To meet the continued demand for these books a new and revised edition has been issued, with new matter adapting them to the changed world of today. Those who would stir a boy with a great ambition, those who would give a girl a fine appreciation of her place in life, may distribute these books with confidence. They are published at half a crown each by Hodder and Stoughton, and are now known as Arthur Mee's Talks to Boys and Arthur Mee's Talks to Girls.

**THE SAFETY LINE**  
To be Used Throughout the  
Country

Before long every up-to-date local authority will have a white safety line at each dangerous turning or cross road in its area. The Ministry of Transport has sent out a circular urging its general use and offering to help with the cost.

The white line marked on the road shows drivers just how near the centre they may go to be safe from traffic coming the other way, and the mere sight of it makes careless drivers more careful and gives confidence to the careful driver that the man round the corner will be careful too.

The Ministry is making experiments as to what way of marking the line will be plainest and last longest. *Picture on back page.*

## WIRELESS FROM MOHAMMED'S TOMB

A fight for the tomb of Mohammed sounds Eastern and medieval, but sending out the news by wireless sounds Western and very modern. Both these things have just been happening by the enterprise of Ibn Saud, Sultan of Nejd, the Chief of the Mohammedan sect known as the Wahabis.

Mecca, the birthplace of the Prophet, he captured last year from the King of the Hedjaz, and he has been besieging Medina for months, refraining from bombarding it for fear of injuring the tomb within the city. Nevertheless, the story got about that the tomb had been destroyed, and this caused intense indignation throughout the Mohammedan world, Persia actually appointing a day of national mourning.

But the message broadcast from the Medina wireless station, in announcing the surrender of Medina to the Wahabis, declares that harm has come to neither the inhabitants nor the shrines. Even King Ali's garrison seems to have been allowed to withdraw without a fight when its leaders realised the hopelessness of their position.

## 50 TONS OF BELLS

### World's Largest Carillon

The world's largest carillon is now ringing at a Baptist church in New York. The biggest of the 53 bells weighs nearly ten tons and all of them together weigh fifty tons.

With the mechanism for playing them they cost £12,000, and they have been presented by Mr. Rockefeller in memory of his mother. The carillon was made in England at Croydon.



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

OCTOBER 3 1925

## A Word About Giant Despair

IT is easy enough, in these days, to say that the world is going backward. There have always been people to say so, in every stage of the world's history; but it must be admitted that there are dark signs now and far too much evil rampant in the world. But we do not believe that things are as bad as the pessimist is always saying.

If we would see the real state of men's minds and hearts, quietly, fairly, and honestly, we must remember that the most evil things are always shouted loudest and most readily repeated. The things that are most widely and deeply good and true have to be looked for, or they may escape notice.

Though illwill may be more widely expressed than before, we believe that goodwill among men is infinitely more widespread than in any past time. The human heart is kinder, the general mind is more thoughtful for others.

Take as an example the trouble in the coalfields, which concerns all earnest men and women. The wellbeing of every man, woman, and child in the country is at stake in this crisis. Yet, though one or two people have said most unwise things, all kinds of people have felt sympathy with the mass of the miners, who do dangerous work for meagre wages. The problem to be solved is how they can be helped, how life can be made better and easier for them. The miners have no enemies in the general public. The heart of Parliament and people is entirely kind to them. We may not see what can be done, but the wish to do right is universal.

And that intense public wish to do right is constantly acting for good in a greater degree than ever before, even in secret places into which the eyes of the public rarely pierce. There have been fresh outbursts of crime, particularly theft—a bad legacy from the war. We all see that and shake our heads regretfully. But we do not see, until the Home Secretary reminds us, that under the growing power of a wiser kindness our prisons are ceasing to be places of despair and are becoming places of hope. Our Borstal training is reclaiming from crime three boys out of every four that come under its influences, and is changing them into honest citizens.

The heart of the nation is earnestly sound, and while that is so we are moving forward, not backward, and though the movement may be slow, and may be checked in many sad ways, it is there, and it is the glorious privilege of all of us to be hopeful helpers and to give no quarter anywhere to Giant Despair.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



## A Lady in the Camp

A HUNDRED Manchester boys who have not got many twopences to spend were in camp.

It was almost dinner-time and they were very hungry. Suddenly a lady appeared among them, but the boys did not know at first that their guest was Miss Sybil Thorndike, who has been taking the part of Joan of Arc, and whom many people call our greatest actress. She spoke to them in the lovely voice we got used to when Joan was talking in the great cathedral.

She told them of the old days when she used to live not far from the camp, when she used to wheel her baby boys about in a pram, and she did not forget to tell them that the real England which belongs to us all, rich and poor alike, is not limited to great cities, but that to find her we have to get out under the wide sky, among trees and flowers.

We are sure Miss Thorndike enjoyed herself as much as the boys.

## To Put the World Right

OUR good friend Prebendary Carlile, whose work with the Church Army has made his long life one of the precious assets of the nation, sends us three little stories he has been telling to his people.

One is of St. Francis of Assisi, who was told by a young nobleman that a thief had stolen his boots. "Run after him and give him your socks," said Francis.

The second story is of a Church Army evangelist who during the war knelt at his bed to pray when another soldier threw his dirty boots at his head. In the morning the soldier found the boots cleaned at his bedside.

The third story is of a village sweep of long standing, who was suddenly faced with the rivalry of a neighbour. But the new sweep could not manage his own crooked chimney and had to send for the old sweep. "I suppose you will charge me double," he said. "No," said the old sweep, "as you are in the trade I shall make no charge."

Men make a great fuss about the state of the world, but only one thing is wanted to put it right. It is the spirit of St. Francis and the Evangelist and the Village Sweep.

## Grand Stands for a Great Sight

CHARING CROSS BRIDGE is falling down, but all too slowly. A crack eight inches wide has been found on the footbridge.

May we suggest that the directors of the Southern Railway read *My Magazine* for August, and then appoint a day for the erection of Grand Stands from which we may all witness the collapse of this hideous thing?

## Enlighten Our Hearts

O Lord, mercifully incline Thine ear to hear our prayers, and of Thy loving-kindness enlighten the depths of our hearts, that no evil desires may rule them.

## The Nuisances

ONE by one the Public Nuisances are being brought to book.

People have now been fined for

Leaving newspapers in a park  
Throwing nutshells on the ground  
Putting rubbish on a seat  
Running streamers from a charabanc  
Whistling for a cab at night

On behalf of all who love peace and quiet and beauty we thank whoever may be responsible.

## Tip-Cat

SCHOOLS of whales have arrived off Connaught. They have not yet sent out their prospectuses.

THE Kaiser has got a new cook. He does not like the way the Allies cooked his goose.

AUTUMN and winter are knocking at the door. But they will soon take their leaves.

THE motorist who spoke of the stupidity of pedestrians ought to be ashamed of running them down.

THERE is precious little difference, says a lecturer, between a poet and a man of business. Still, he recognises that the little is precious.

A NEW Roman villa has been discovered. If we cannot build houses, by all means let us dig them up.

THE onion is said to be the most valuable of all vegetables. Yet our greengrocer only charges us twopence for it.

AMERICANS do not think much of English hotels. When touring they have not much time to think much of anything.

FRENCH chemists have discovered how to make gold out of silver. But how do we make the silver?

A SCIENTIST assures us the world will last another hundred million years. Wait and see.

THE new telephone directory has hundreds of thousands of names. Too many wrong numbers.

A CONTEMPORARY wants to know how long most people can remember. As long as they don't forget.

## The Muddle-Headed Race

WE have been called the most muddle-headed people in the world, and, taking us altogether, it is probably true. The papers are full from day to day of motor accidents and traffic problems, yet the same papers publish letters insisting on the right of deaf men and one-armed men to drive cars!

Life is certainly entertaining, however illogical it may be.

## Wembley's Good-Night Hymn

Every night at the great Stadium at Wembley the massed choir sings the first of these verses, an Echo choir the second, and fifty thousand people the third.

Abide with me; fast falls the even-tide;  
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide;  
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,  
Help of the helpless, O, abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;  
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;  
Change and decay in all around I see;  
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me.

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless;  
Ills have no weight and tears no bitterness;  
Where is Death's sting? Where, Grave, thy victory?  
I triumph still if Thou abide with me.

## The Sentinels of Autumn

IF we named our calendar as the Red Indians do, with June as the Month of Nightingales, February as the Key of the Spring, we should now be in the Month of Dahlias.

If we were Nature worshippers, we should have a little shrine for the dahlia. She makes September radiant. In how many gardens of villas and palaces, in how many little cottage gardens in shy waysides of England, are these bright sentinels of autumn standing now!

If we are fortunate, and may look on them at odd hours, we see them bravely saluting the morning, be it wet, grey, or sunny. They are sturdy and unflinching, deriding the early frosts. We may see them holding up their scarlet heads to watch the last curve of the Sun go over the hill.

## Like a Fairy Ship

They are loveliest after a sharp night. Then, when the Sun is well up, we see them looking like a fairy ship, spread with gossamer sails from stem to leaf, where the spiders have been busy, and the dew of the dawn has jewelled the flimsy sheets. The high bud is the main-top-gallant masthead, and a shining head is there for a signal that another glorious day is here, calm and golden, and the enemy squall has retreated to other horizons.

But the dahlias come to Town as well. Here the Londoner can cry quits with country folk. Those whom duty or pleasure takes from the Mall across to Birdcage Walk, or to the great dahlia beds in Hyde Park, may very well stop and look at these wondrous masses. They are of a superb beauty and can be seen by anyone without going a great way or paying a price for a flower-show. They are London's September, the Moon of Dahlias.

We shall do well to look at them as we pass by. We shall not see such a spectacle of warm and gorgeous colour, of velvet-like sheen, until the march of the seasons sets the sentinels of autumn here again.



## AN APE AMONG TEN THOUSAND BEST OF ALL MONKEY BOOKS

**A Creature of the Jungle that  
was All but Human**

### A NATURALIST AND HIS FRIEND

MY FRIEND TOTO. By Cherry Kearton  
(Arrowsmith) 5s.

All children who are lucky enough to go to the Zoo know John Daniel, the amusing young gorilla.

They have seen how much he is like a human being in some of his ways, and how unlike in other ways. They may even think that he and John Daniel the First, who was at the Zoo before him and is now dead, rank as the most intelligent of the manlike apes which have lived with people. But anyone who has held that opinion will have it altered by reading this remarkable and charming book about the chimpanzee, Toto, which was brought from Africa by Mr. Cherry Kearton, the famous naturalist and photographer of animals.

#### Toto the Genius

We doubt if any story of a real monkey has ever approached in interest and feeling this study of Toto by his master and friend. Mr. Kearton suggests that as one man in a multitude may rise above his fellows and have genius, so it may be that one ape among ten thousand may have intelligence far outshining the rest; and he claims such a distinction for Toto, an ape among ten thousand. Readers of this book will admit that he makes good the claim. Toto was a genius among monkeys.

Toto's master is wise enough to make no comparison between the apes and mankind. He draws a clear line between them when he says that during the time he knew Toto he saw no expansion of his intelligence as one sees it in a growing child. There was expansion in experience, a widening of acquaintance with things, but no growth in power of mind. Still, the degree of reasoning power shown in him was astonishing, and the qualities of sympathy and of capacity for companionship were touching to the point of beauty.

#### Making the Monkey's Bed

Toto, when about a year old, was brought to Mr. Kearton by an elephant hunter who had picked him up in Central Africa at the foot of the Mountains of the Moon. "He's a jolly good chimp," said the hunter, "and far and away the most intelligent I ever came across."

Toto at once took to Mr. Kearton. "I patted him on the head, and he proceeded to curl up against my chest, holding on to my sleeve while one arm crept round my neck," is the way Mr. Kearton describes their meeting.

That night his master's native followers made Toto a bed of grass, but, after watching each of them roll himself in a blanket before settling down for the night, he snatched a blanket from one of them and, with victorious shouts, wrapped himself in it on his bed. That was his beginning.

#### A Clever Scout

Almost at once he made himself useful to the expedition. He would carry a box of films with care and pride. As a scout he was cleverer than a man, and once he saved Mr. Kearton's life by his warning against a concealed lion. The only things he ever feared were snakes, crocodiles, and a railway engine. He would put to flight the fiercest dog by the use of stones and a stick.

Soon, by imitation, he learned how to clean his teeth with a brush, and to wash and dry his face, feet, and hands, and to brush his hair. He was so fond of bananas that they had to be locked up in a box, but he stole his master's

## A MAN AND HIS HORSE

A LIVERPOOL reader, interested in a C.N. article on Shire horses, sends us some observations on the understanding between men and horses that work familiarly together.

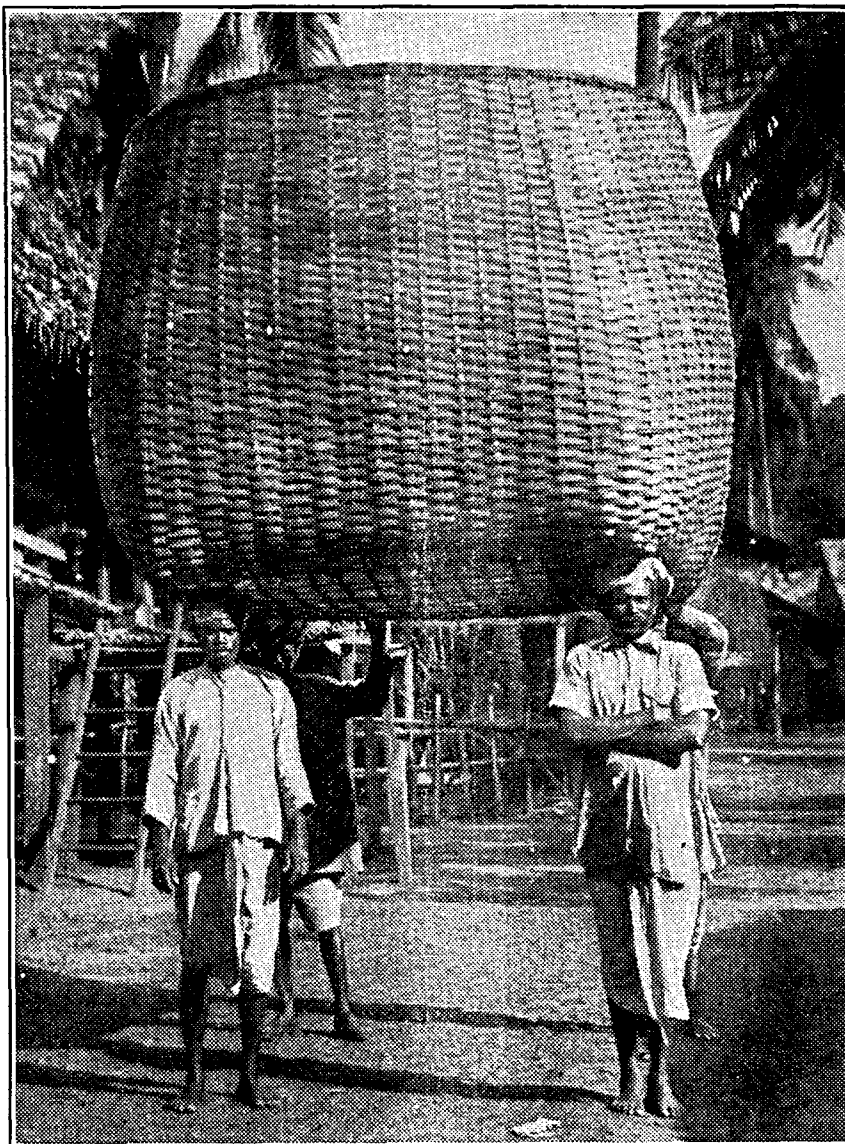
In many cases (he says) the horse is the carter's first consideration. I have heard a man complain, not that he himself was worked too hard, but that his horse was worked too much. One day I heard a carter, who had just got word to take his horse and help to pull a heavy load, say to the horse: "Now, Bob, don't you go pulling your inside out. They know you're a good worker, and they put on you. You've done your bit." The horse turned his head and looked at him as if he understood.

Another day (our correspondent goes on) a carter with a team was pulling a huge load along a main street, the horses making great efforts, and the sparks flying, till quite a crowd was looking on. Then the carter pulled the horses to the side and they stopped. The carter lit

his pipe and smoked for a few minutes. Then the shaft horse looked round, and the man said, "So you're ready, are you? Then get away with it." And, without another word said, on they went. A gentleman in the crowd was so pleased at the understanding between the horses and their driver that he gave the man two shillings.

So far for our Liverpool correspondent. We may add that when such an understanding exists between horse and man the horse never forgets his human friend. A carter had a horse which knew his step; whenever he appeared near the stable the horse whinnied a welcome. The horse was sold and went away. Some years after the carter was in another town, and, hearing a whinny that sounded familiar, turned to look and saw near him his old favourite. The horse had recognised him first. It rubbed its nose against his jacket and showed such signs of pleasure as a horse can with its limited power of expression.

## THE BIG BASKET OF BURMA



In Burma the natives use portable granaries in the form of huge baskets, which can be carried on the heads of four porters. The basket is filled with rice and stored under a raised house for the use of the family living above

This Photograph is by P. Simpson and is published by courtesy of the Times of India Illustrated Weekly

bunch of keys from his trousers pocket, and tried them one by one till he found the one that opened the box. Then he helped himself to a banana. He learned how to smoke, and had his own half-ounce of tobacco every week. He delighted in playing with children, especially with small ones, and with dogs, and he had fine fun with a tame cheetah, playing hide-and-seek.

Every morning he walked round and gravely shook hands with all who came to breakfast. He understood what was said to him. When Mr. Kearton was down with fever he made himself his nurse, and would bring the quinine bottle and fetch a glass of water when told, or would put his finger on a succession of books in a row till his

master said Yes for the one he wanted. When his master fell asleep on his bed with his boots on, tired out, Toto unlaced the boots and took them off so quietly that he did not wake him.

Brought to Europe, Toto had to be left at the Marseilles Zoo, as the weather was too cold for him in England. Their reunion when Mr. Kearton went back to Marseilles to fetch him, months afterwards, is the best scene in a book that is full of good scenes.

Toto, unhappily, died of pneumonia in the London Zoo while his master was out of the country. Mr. Kearton's book is more than a memorial of an ape of genius; it is a record of a true friendship, and a precious new thing in animal literature.

Picture on page 4

## CRICKET IN 1925

### A LOOK BACK

**Most Promising Season Since  
the War**

### THE UPS AND DOWNS

No cricket season since the war has been so promising as 1925.

Though unbeaten Yorkshire was not once in danger of losing the county championship, there has been keen competition for the second place on the list. The public has supported the game briskly. The standard of play in all departments has been more than sustained, and the next meeting with the Australians is anticipated with increased confidence.

#### The Order of Success

In the seventeen counties which play first-class cricket Hampshire occupies the middle position. Above her, in ascending order of success, are Warwickshire, Essex, Middlesex, Kent, Nottinghamshire, Lancashire, Surrey, and Yorkshire. Below her descend Gloucestershire, Northants, Leicestershire, Sussex, Derbyshire, Somerset, Worcestershire, and Glamorgan. The first half-dozen are in the position they might reasonably be expected to hold, for unquestionably they are the strongest clubs.

Yorkshire retained the championship by the best balanced and most consistent play. Eight of her batsmen have, on the average, unitedly scored 315 runs for each innings played, and five of their bowlers have had a successful season, with Macaulay challenging Tate and Parker for the highest distinction. The side, too, is one that never expects defeat.

#### Bowling and Batting

The magnificent batting of Hobbs and the sterling play of Sandham have been fine assets for Surrey, but even with them she has done well to keep ahead of Lancashire, for her bowling is weak compared with Lancashire's. Nottinghamshire, too, is far stronger than Surrey in bowling. Indeed, with her half dozen sound bats, led by tempestuous Captain Carr, and her varied array of bowlers, the position of Nottinghamshire on the list, with only 67 per cent of possible points, does not represent her real playing strength.

Kent and Middlesex ran a close race. Woolley, Mr. J. L. Bryan, and Hardinge remained the backbone of the Kentish batting. Mr. C. S. Marriott proved helpful to the bowling in a few later matches. Hendren had a fine season for Middlesex, and Hearne sustained his reputation. Mr. G. T. S. Stevens was a useful addition, and the county ended the season well. Essex played a sturdy uphill game throughout the year, and came out with even points. Warwickshire had a good season, thanks to Howell's bowling and the Hon. F. S. G. Calthorpe's energetic leadership.

#### Features of the Play

Features of the play in other counties were the steadiness of the bowling of Kennedy and Boyes for Hampshire; the rise of Northamptonshire through the all-round play of Mr. V. W. C. Jupp, the steady batting of Woolley, and the bowling of Mr. P. A. Wright and Clark; the reviving effect on Gloucestershire of the splendid bowling of Parker, backed by the steady batting of Dipper and Hammond; the all-round play of Astill and Geary for Leicestershire; the magnificent bowling of Tate for Sussex; the skill of Mr. J. C. White, the mainstay of Somerset, and the best of all amateur bowlers; the amazing stamina of Root for Worcestershire, who bowls all the while and never slackens; and the parts played by Ryan and Mercer in disposing of Glamorgan's opponents.

Though the year 1925 has not disclosed the kind of talent among young players that is likely to displace players experienced and familiar, it has singled out some well worth watching, and in all it has tended to give to the game earnestness, alertness, and confidence.



## A HORSE FROM THE WAR

WHAT HE DOES AT  
HYDE PARK CORNER  
Lending a Hand to His Weary  
Friends

### PICCADILLY PETER

There is a bit of old England left in the last place where you would expect to find it, in roaring Piccadilly.

It takes the form of a black chain-horse called Peter, who belongs to Our Dumb Friends League, and is stationed at Hyde Park Corner to help other horses up the hill.

"What hill?" C.N. readers might easily ask. "Is there indeed a hill at Piccadilly?"

If you happen to be pushing a wheelbarrow or a play-cart or the baby's pram from Hyde Park Corner to the corner of Berkeley Street, you will find there is quite a serious slope to get over. It was so bad once upon a time that a porter's rest was set half-way up, and is there still.

Probably not one person in a thousand going by on the bus knows what the queer thing is. The porters in old London, carrying packs on their backs were very glad to pause there and slip their burdens off on to the little platform.

### Up the Slippery Hill

But we are forgetting Peter.

The slope was always difficult long before the days when the invention of motor-cars brought about a condition of roads that are a nightmare to horses.

Peter is on the watch every day till five o'clock to help to pull loads up this slippery hill. His guardian wears the initials of the League on his cap, and is easily recognisable.

Sometimes you may see Peter pulling away up the slope and sometimes marching back. It is not always wise to offer to talk to him unless you carry a sugar-bag in your pocket. Like most people, he has his off-days. At other times he will let you stroke him like a lamb, and talk about his wound. For our Peter is a horse with a history. He comes from France, and was in the war, bringing back his scar with him. But the scar does not prevent him from doing active service now, as many a weary team eastward bound from Hyde Park Corner has reason to know.

### Doing His Bit

Peter has a friend who does his bit at Church Street in Kensington, another at Hampstead, another at Wimbledon. Thus does a fine organisation like Our Dumb Friends League help those who cannot help themselves.

Peter's guardian has to make a small charge according to the load; three-pence is the usual fee. The drivers of teams gladly pay it for the stout help Peter gives. But the League must often have a deficit to make up, for we know what oats and stabling cost in these days.

Lovers of horses should remember about that, and do their bit now and again, like Peter. If they come from over the border they will know that many a mickle makes a muckle.

## BAD OUTLOOK FOR THE ICE MAN

### The Electric Refrigerators

In America practically every family has its cold store, and buys ice daily during the summer months to keep its food in good condition.

Now, however, the electric refrigerator is "sweeping the country." While expensive to purchase, it is cheap to operate, and there is not the continual bother of handling ice.

It is estimated that five million electric refrigerators will be sold in the next five years.

## STINTING SAILORS TO PAY FOR CRUISERS

The Wrong Way in the  
Navy

### ECONOMY UPSIDE DOWN

When My Lords of the Admiralty persuaded Parliament that it wanted cruisers, though there was no enemy in sight to fight with them, they were told they could have cruisers if they promised to make economies in other ways to pay for them.

They began by telling the common sailors that they must put up with less pay, and by stopping the marriage allowances of young officers. Then they announced that the naval dockyards at Rosyth and Pembroke would be shut down, though most people believe it would be much better to close the yards at Chatham and Sheerness, which are much too near a possible enemy to be defensible under modern conditions of warfare.

### More Men for Less Work

But already there is an outcry at the unemployment the shutting down will cause, and the expectation is that the local M.P.s will be able to persuade the Government to abandon the idea. It would be much more to the point to cut down unnecessary shipbuilding.

Another economy, much better than reducing wages, would be the reduction of the staff of clerks in Whitehall. Since 1914 its numbers have grown from 4366 to 7971, though the number of ships has dropped from 566 to 349, and the men on them from 151,000 to 103,000. The salaries of this increased staff with decreased work have gone up from less than half a million to a million and a quarter!

## A KAISER SPEECH

Giving the War Men Their  
Chance

### AN ECHO OF THE PAST

Twenty years ago the Kaiser went to Tangier and made an excited speech about German interests in Morocco. Fourteen years ago he sent the gunboat Panther to a Morocco port to remind France and Britain of those interests.

Many people believe that from that day war became inevitable, for the countries on both sides began to believe the others meant mischief, and so the war lords got their opportunity.

"German interests in Morocco" is therefore a phrase with an ominous sound in history. Now these interests have been sold to an American, it is said, for many million pounds. Morocco is immensely rich in mineral deposits, and chief among them are zinc, copper, and lead, which Germany has to import. A German, Herr Reinhardt Mannesmann, went on a honeymoon tour in Morocco and saw its possibilities. He and his brother bought mining rights there, with other concessions of enormous value, and so gave Germany her fatal "interests."

These rights, and the mines and harbour works based upon them, were confiscated after the war so far as the French sphere in Morocco was concerned; those in the Spanish sphere remained nominally in the hands of the Mannesmann Brothers, but the war in the Rif and the close alliance between Spain and France made their owners believe they would never be allowed to work them. Hence their sale to an American banker, Mr. Otto Kahn.

If Mr. Kahn, and not Herr Mannesmann, had had them in the first instance, would world history have been different?

## THE STORM FACTORY

A Chance for a Weather  
Prophet

### CAN GREENLAND WARN EUROPE?

Greenland is Europe's storm factory, so the American weather men think, and one of them, Professor William Hobbs, believes that if a weather station with wireless were set up on the high plateau of that ice-bound land, the observers would be able to send warning to Europe of a coming storm.

It is more than likely. The great stretch of ice-covered highlands is an ideal breeding-place for cyclones, which are created by the differences of pressure over the frozen Arctic Ocean to the north of the land, and over the Atlantic to the south. The cyclones gather speed as they move. In the Antarctic, where a greater Greenland covers all the South Pole, storms are continually breaking away from the land, and often reach Australia. Sir Douglas Mawson, who visited this southern home of the blizzard, was able to wireless forecasts of the storms without fail. An observer permanently stationed in mid-Greenland would have a chilly time, but we have no doubt he will be ready for his task when the time comes.

## OUR NEW AMBASSADORS

### The First Harkness Scholars

The first twenty Fellows of the Harkness Commonwealth Fund have been chosen and have left for America.

There are seventeen young men and three young women, chosen out of 216 candidates from the Universities of Britain and Ireland.

The Commonwealth Fund was founded, as already explained in the C.N., by Mrs. Stephen Harkness, to promote friendship and understanding between Britain and America, by a plan somewhat on the lines of the Cecil Rhodes scholarships. The Harkness scholars have already distinguished themselves at their universities, and they will go into residence for two years at the principal American Universities, and spend their vacations in travel.

Next year another twenty will be chosen, so that there will always be forty British scholars attending American Universities. There can surely be no doubt as to the beneficial result to both countries of this great idea for promoting goodwill between nations.

## TEN THOUSAND BEDS WANTED

### Needs of the Hospitals

We have heard for a long time, especially since the war, how short of beds the hospitals are even for urgent cases. A Commission has just reported on the number of beds required and the best way of supplying them.

The extensions immediately necessary, and capable of being carried out within reasonable time, involve the provision of ten thousand new beds.

It is satisfactory to hear that the hospitals are no longer in the desperate financial condition they seemed to be in a year or two ago. The Government then made a grant of £500,000, and with this help the hospital committees have been able to raise enough money locally to meet all current expenses. The Commission believes they can also meet the cost of maintaining the extra beds needed, but cannot save the money for providing them.

So the Commission proposes that, excluding the cost of the land and the furniture, the Government should pay half the cost of extending plain buildings to house the beds. The buildings will cost £400 for each bed, and the Government will pay £200.

## THE FUNNY MAN SERIOUS

Does the Public Like Fine  
Things?

### ANOTHER FRIENDLY CATHEDRAL

Mr. Charles Chaplin, who used to be thought a funny man, has been talking seriously. He thinks the public stands in the way of artistic productions.

When he was a child and lived in the slums of London his idea of a fine building was not Westminster Abbey but the White City, and so, he says, it is with most of us today. If he wants to give people the idea of a palace or a cathedral he must put on the screen not what he has learned to know is right, but a sort of architectural wedding-cake. The people will not trouble to learn, even in a country like England, full of glorious old buildings and museums with doors wide open.

Well, certainly many of us are at fault there; although we would not dig a hole in the garden to bury anything good to eat or fine to wear, we are too often content to waste our share in our national possessions. Yet there is a wondrous change since little Charlie Chaplin lived in the slums.

### A New Habit

We were talking the other day of the great numbers of visitors to Canterbury Cathedral, under its new and friendly government, and every verger knows that there has grown up among us a new habit of seeing churches.

A Chester friend of the C.N., writing of our reference to Canterbury, tells us that Chester Cathedral is open free everywhere to the public, and has descriptive tablets in all parts. This has been so for several years now, ever since the coming of Dean Bennett, who has done splendid work in restoring and opening up various parts of the edifice.

The public takes full advantage of the warm welcome which is given them at Chester, and nearly always there seem to be enough people about to form a goodly congregation.

The friendly feeling which we found at Canterbury is assuredly felt at Chester, where there are deaconesses tending flowers, and willing to show visitors round, while often the Dean may be seen with a party of Boy Scouts.

## OUR WEALTH IN PEAT

### Hope of Using It

There are enormous quantities of peat in the British Isles; how is it we have not made better use of it?

We have over eight million acres of it, with an average depth of 12 or 14 feet, but hitherto we have not been able to get it dry enough to burn without making it too costly.

But Dr. R. M. Perkin, who has been studying the matter for 17 years, has found a way of doing it. He can make it into briquettes that are hard and solid and do not break. The work can be done close to where the peat is dug, and as the peat is cleared the land becomes excellent for agriculture. The briquettes are smokeless, and much cheaper and lighter than coal.

## LITTLE RED INDIANS

### Helping the Next Generation

The United States Department of the Interior is doing good work with the boys and girls living in the Red Indian reservations.

These young people are being enrolled in agricultural and educational clubs, and great pains are taken to interest them in fitting themselves to become more worthy citizens. The membership of the clubs now totals nearly two thousand.



## GREAT SKULL OF THE MASTODON

### DISCOVERIES AT THE FOOT OF THE HIMALAYAS

Work for 21 Men and Four Bullocks

### VALLEY RICH IN THE PAST

In the far North-West of India, lying at the foot of the Himalaya Mountains, are the Siwalik Hills, which are renowned for their richness in fossil remains.

The majority of these relics of a remote past belong to the Miocene Epoch of over a million years ago. The Siwalik country is very desolate, and explorers have to go there with a camel caravan and a good number of native labourers.

### An Enormous Valley

Recently Mr. Barnum Brown visited the hills for the American Museum of Natural History, and was fortunate in finding a number of the fossil bones of animals, many of gigantic size.

It appears that in the Miocene Period there existed an enormous valley, or rift, on the south side of the Himalayas, and that this valley was gradually filled up by the clays and silts brought down from the mountains by rivers tributary to the Indus and the Ganges.

It was during this process that the remains were swept into the river and embedded in the deposits forming in the great valley. At one place the skulls of horses and the immense elephant-like mastodon were unearthed. The mastodon skulls are immensely heavy, and it required four bullocks and 21 men to haul the cart containing a single skull. The difficulty of such scientific work may be imagined when it is added that a road several miles long had to be made.

### 20,000 Feet of Ancient Life

When it is realised that the Siwalik deposits cover twenty thousand feet some conception can be formed of the huge area now open for examination.

The Miocene was a tropical period. Large numbers of elephants, hippopotamuses, horses, and deer lived in India in those days, and, most remarkable of all, an enormous tortoise, with leg bones as big as those of a large rhinoceros. The skeleton of this creature is unfortunately incomplete, but the parts found weigh no less than a third of a ton. In the Siwalik beds have also been discovered the bones of large apes.

### THE ONLY WAY

### A Great British Film for These Days

The British film industry has secured for itself a great triumph in the film of Charles Dickens's famous Tale of Two Cities—The Only Way. With Mr. Martin Harvey as Sidney Carton the film was certain to be a success, but we are bound to say that the high quality of the whole film is a surprisingly great achievement.

We hope *The Only Way* will be shown throughout the length and breadth of the land. It is a vivid moving picture of one of the biggest events in history, and it holds us spell-bound for two hours. We feel that we are back in the French Revolution, witnessing it, experiencing it, suffering it, and we shudder to think of the way the world has come.

Especially should we like this wonderful bit of living history to be seen by all those wild men with Revolution ever on their tongue, but little thinking what Revolution is.

## A SCIENTIFIC FACT IN THE BIBLE

What the Philistines Knew

### MICE AND THE PLAGUE

A surgeon, Sir James Cantlie, has added yet another testimony to the certainty that in the Bible are the roots of all knowledge and the beginning of wisdom.

Years ago, when he was struggling in Hong Kong with an epidemic of that deadly bubonic plague which still kills every year seven people out of every hundred in the East, a clergyman told him that he would find all he wanted to know about plague in the Bible.

So he did, and what he read in the First Book of Samuel (chapters 4, 5, and 6) set him and Dr. Yersin confidently on the track of the animals which are the carriers of plague to human beings. The Bible tells how the Philistines, smitten with plague, sent back the Ark of the Covenant which they had stolen, and with it five golden mice and five emerods. The emerods were the swellings of plague, the golden mice were the animals that had accompanied the scourge. The mice were the cause of it, the Philistines thought.

### Rats the Carriers of Plague

Since that time men have shown that rats are the carriers of plague. Their bodies are infected with fleas, and the fleas, biting the rats and then biting human beings, convey the germs of plague from rat to man. The Bible story told in advance the facts proved by science.

One very singular thing is that the mice spoken of in the Bible were really field mice. The text is quite clear about that. They were not, as some have supposed, rats. It is believed by plague investigators that the Philistine plague was really carried by mice, which are very susceptible to the disease.

### A CASTLE MOAT

Shall a Lovely Place be Spoiled?

Besides its cathedral Norwich has its castle, a noble keep dating back to Norman times and standing high on a mound made before history began.

Round this mound is a moat that must be as old. The moat is dry and is laid out as a place of recreation. On the south side is an old bridge, the arch of which is as old as the castle itself.

And now it is proposed to build a county police station in the moat, in a position which will spoil the best view of the castle and block the view of the bridge on one side. The county authorities would be satisfied with another site, but the City Council appears resolved to give them this one.

Antiquaries and lovers of beauty in the city are appealing to public opinion to overrule the decision, and for the credit of Norwich it is to be hoped they will succeed. Glasgow has just thrown away a historic room; it will be a bad thing if Norwich, which knows better, should follow its example.

### AN ODD INSECT IN YOUR HOUSE

Does It Eat Your Collars?

There are scores of odd and interesting insects in our homes which most of us know very little about.

There is, for instance, an odd creature like a silver fish which is really a destructive pest, though its evil ways are unknown to most people. It lives chiefly on starch, and attacks collars and cuffs, its ravages being made possible by the extraordinary equipment Nature has given it. This week the C.P. has put the silver fish under the microscope and tells its life-story in a remarkable series of drawings.

## C.N. QUESTION BOX

All questions must be asked on postcards; one question on each card, with name and address. The Editor regrets that it is not possible to answer all the questions sent in.

**What is the Origin of the Inn Sign, "The Goat and Compasses"?**

This is said to be a corruption of the phrase, God encompasses us.

**What is the Origin of the Term Clock on Socks and Stockings?**

The original meaning of clock is a bell, and the clocks on stockings are so called because of their bell shape.

**How did the Hassock Get its Name?**

Hassock is an old English word meaning coarse grass or sedge, and it was given to kneeling-cushions, because these were formerly stuffed with grass.

**What Does Houyhnhnm Mean?**

This strange word, pronounced hwin-m, represents a horse's neigh, and is the name invented by Swift in his *Gulliver's Travels* for a horse with human characteristics.

**What was the Manchester School?**

This name was applied by Disraeli in 1848 to the group of economists which included John Bright and Richard Cobden, with business interests round Manchester.

**What is Toad Spittle?**

This frothy fluid, also called cuckoo-spit and frog-spit, is the remains of the liquid food of the frog-hopper insect, ejected as a protection for the insect's larvae which are enveloped in it.

**What is a Hospodar?**

Hospodar is a Rumanian word derived from the Russian gospodin, meaning a lord or gentleman. It was the title of the former Ottoman Governors of Wallachia and Moldavia, now part of Rumania.

**What is the Plimsoll Mark?**

A mark painted on a ship's hull. She may not be loaded so as to sink below this mark, which is named after Samuel Plimsoll, the seamen's friend, who induced Parliament to pass an Act to this effect as a protection to sailors' lives.

**What is a Mute?**

A mute is a clip of wood, brass, or ivory, which can be slipped over the bridge of a stringed instrument of the viol family so as to deaden the resonance without touching the strings. It counteracts the vibrations set up by the action of the bow.

**What is the Difference between Cider and Perry?**

Cider is prepared from the juice of apples, and perry is made from the juice of pears. Herefordshire and Devon are the two great cider-producing counties of England, and Worcestershire is famous as the chief perry-producing county.

**Why do Sailors Have Baggy Trousers?**

So that they can turn them up easily to the knees, as they have to be about in water a great deal, as when the decks are washed down. Some have professed to regard these as a reminder of the petticoats which sailors once wore, but such an explanation is fanciful.

**What is Meerschaum?**

Meerschaum, from which expensive tobacco pipes are made, is a fine white clay which is known to chemists as hydrous silicate of magnesium. It is found in soft white masses, and was once supposed to be petrified froth of the sea, hence its name, which is German for sea-foam.

**What is the Actual Size of the Moon?**

It is 2163 miles in diameter, 6795 miles in circumference, and has 14,660,000 square miles of surface area. Its volume, or cubic contents, is 5,300,000,000 cubic miles, and its mass, which corresponds to weight, is 78 million million million tons, or 78 followed by 18 noughts.

**What is the Mileage of Each of the Four Great British Railways?**

London, Midland, & Scottish, 7464 miles; London & North-Eastern, 6464 miles; Great Western, 3765 miles; Southern, 2129 miles. The figures refer to the permanent way. The combined mileage of track of the four groups is 36,849 miles. Some parts of the routes have a single and some a double set of rails. With sidings the track mileage is 51,818 miles.

**When is a Stamp Needed on a Receipt and When Not?**

Salaries, wages, superannuation, and other like allowances are exempted, but in all other cases receipts for £2 or over must have a 2d. stamp affixed, and the penalty for not so affixing a stamp is £10. Nor will a judge consider a receipt that is not stamped. The idea that if a bill for £2 or more is paid immediately the receipt needs no stamp is quite erroneous. If a receipt is given a stamp must be affixed.

## THE TREASURES OF CAPRICORNUS

FOUR SUNS THAT APPEAR AS ONE STAR

Light that Takes 465 Years to Reach Us

MARVELS OF ALPHA AND BETA

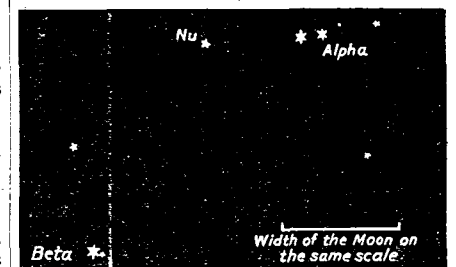
By the C.N. Astronomer

Towards the end of next week and during the week following, when the Moon is far from the stars of Capricornus, this constellation may be explored for some of its starry treasures.

Most famous of these is the fascinating Alpha. A close inspection will show that there are really two stars, but glasses are necessary to reveal the fact satisfactorily. Then a very pretty stellar scene presents itself. The two stars stand out side by side quite bright, the left one slightly below third magnitude, the other about fourth magnitude; while to the right of them is another fainter star, and to the left the fifth-magnitude star Nu.

Some way below is the wonderful star Beta, the brightest of them all, with two other seventh-magnitude stars in the field of view.

The accompanying star-map shows the scene as presented by good glasses. Alpha's stars are two immense suns, each radiating about a hundred times



Double stars Alpha and Beta in Capricornus

the light of our Sun. This may be calculated from their brilliance at such an immense distance—17,200,000 times that of our Sun, indicated by their trigonometric parallax of but '012. So their light has been 271 years travelling across that immense space to us.

A singular thing is that they are travelling in exactly opposite directions, to the right and left, apparently away from one another. Moreover, the smaller star has been found to have an eleventh-magnitude companion, which, in turn, has been seen to be a double sun, so altogether four suns are where the natural eye notices but one, or two at most.

Whether they are part of one immense solar system, or merely in the same line of sight, is not known at present.

Beta in Capricornus is also composed of two stars, but the smaller one, of but sixth magnitude, is so close to the brighter one of two and a half magnitude that it requires close scrutiny through steadied glasses, when it will be found to the right of and a little below the brighter star.

### A Child's Thought on a Tiny World

In a powerful telescope, when they appear far apart, two thirteenth-magnitude stars are seen between them; moreover, the large star is found to have a tenth-magnitude companion, so we have here two magnificent suns, possibly united by the force of gravitation.

Recent trigonometrical measurements have shown that Beta is nearly 30 million times as far away as our Sun and that its light has taken about 465 years to reach us, so it must radiate over a thousand times the light of our Sun.

When we remember that at last a tiny particle of that energy sent from so far descends upon ourselves, lights up our eyes, and sets up a train of charming thought, we realise how terrific and yet how delicate and beautiful are the ways of the Infinite, in the perfect adaptation of such colossal means to ends so remote as a child's thought on a tiny world.

G. F. M.

**Other Worlds.** In the evening Venus in the west, Jupiter south-west, Uranus south-east.



# Gunby Hadath's New School Story Begins Here Next Week

## COPPER MOUNTAIN

Adventurous Days  
Among the Eskimos

Set down by  
John Halden

### CHAPTER 48

#### Ole at Bay

OLE, when, with a gasp of relief, he had seen his two friends safely off in the aeroplane, had turned to face the yelling warriors.

"The petrol won't last much longer," he thought; "but it will get them somewhere out on the plain, and if I can keep the attention of these savages on myself for an hour or so they will be able to get away, even if they have to run for it."

Accordingly, as he watched the warriors leaping over the dying embers of the fire and paying no attention to the bullets he still fired over their heads, he suddenly held out his arms.

"Stop!" he shouted.

Brought up short by the very force of his voice and blazing eyes, the warriors paused in their onrush.

"My friends," said Ole, in the Eskimo tongue, "have gone for a short visit to their relatives in the sunset country."

The short night had passed—it had not been really dark at any time, and now the Sun had appeared again on the horizon. Ole pointed to it dramatically.

"Before that Sun has risen many times they will return to bring fresh blessings on your tribe. Meantime, I remain with you. I know all their magic. If you attack me evil will fall on you and on your people for ever."

The warriors, to Ole's surprise, lowered their bows. From below in the village rose the wailing and incantations of the women. Suddenly the noise rose to a shriek, and Ole, glancing up, saw the reason. Incredibly, the aeroplane was returning.

The warriors had seen it, too.

"The white spirit lies!" shouted a chieftain. "He also means to go away on the back of the Great White Bird. Well, we will shoot our poisoned arrows to kill that evil bird and him too."

Up came the deadly bows, waiting the command of their leader.

"Oh, Timothy, Timothy!" groaned Ole to himself in anguish. "Why did you come back?"

Frantically he motioned and shouted at the approaching plane.

"Go back! Go back!" he cried. "Oh, go back, Tim!"

Timothy could now be plainly seen, white and determined, in the pilot's seat. He had taken in the situation at a glance.

"Go back!" shouted Ole again. "I'm all right. I want to stay here."

For answer Timothy put on a sudden spurt of speed and turned the nose of his plane downward. Round in a sudden circle he flew, perilously close to the ground, and where he passed the warriors, struck helter-skelter, lay stunned and broken on the ground.

Scarcely waiting for the aeroplane to come to a stop, Ole leaped into place behind Timothy, and with a roar they were off again.

"Hope I didn't kill any of them," muttered Timothy, with a hasty glance back at the rows of prostrate warriors.

"More scare than anything else," said Ole. "I reckon you stunned a good many, and maybe they'll be able to count a few broken ribs among 'em. And that will no more than serve 'em right, the murdering savages!"

Timothy listened anxiously to the sound of his motor.

"She can't take us far," he said. "Head down!" commanded Ole, seeing some of the stricken warriors clambering to their feet, bows in hand. "They're going to shoot!"

A hail of arrows followed the plane, some of them sticking in the wings. The two white men heard a roar

of disappointment and rage below them as the Great Bird continued its flight.

"We're going to have to land and make a run for it shortly," said Timothy, still absorbed in listening to his engine. "The fuel is practically out."

"Where did you land Christopher?" asked Ole.

"I'm going there if I can reach it," answered Tim.

Ole raised his glasses and swept the horizon with his eyes. At last he made out the figure of a man hurrying over the plain.

"There he is!" he exclaimed.

Christopher also had seen the approaching plane, and stopped to wait for it.

But the wheeze and jump in his engine had warned Timothy truly, and they were forced to land before they had come up to the waiting Christopher.

Through their glasses they saw the angry and astounded warriors looking after them. Wild gesticulations followed the landing of the plane, and the natives began scrambling down the mountain-side.

"They're coming after us, Ole," cried Timothy.

"Yes," answered the Scandinavian. "It'll be a run for it. Luckily the hard ground won't show our tracks much. They can see the plane, but they can't make us out yet, I reckon. Come on, Tim. They'll have their fleetest dogs out after us. We've no time to lose."

"I imagine the plane will hold them up for awhile," commented Timothy. "They may scarcely even look for tracks, for we told them, you know, that we were going to the sunset country."

"Yes," responded Ole. "Finding the empty plane will make them think we've gone."

"They'll treat her well, I think," said Timothy, "for she is 'good medicine,' and all they will have left of their gods."

The two hurried on silently over the plain until they came to Christopher, who was watching from a low hillock.

"I saw the plane come down," he said. "You've had to abandon her, of course. She's done good service after all. You were right to hang on to her, in spite of our discouragement, Tim."

Timothy nodded. Through their glasses now they could see sledges starting post-haste out from the village.

"She hasn't finished what she is going to do for us, yet, I hope," he said. "If these warriors come straight on with their fast dogs and sledges, we are done."

The three turned, and started off again on their cross-country run.

"It's a lucky thing the natives haven't glasses to see us as we see them," said Ole.

"Lucky indeed," responded Christopher, briefly.

In both their minds was the same thought. If they three were to fall into the hands of the savages, what would become of Ellen and the rest alone in that practically unknown country?

### CHAPTER 49

#### A Happy Ending

TWENTY miles distant, on the shore of a small lake, Ellen and Tom were keeping up the courage of their Eskimos.

"The point is to keep them busy or they will want to bolt!" said Tom, wisely, for the natives, their nerves shaken by the enforced ride in the clouds, their minds full of the terrors of the threatening warriors behind them, wished to rush back in the direction of their homes.

Tom, therefore, after directing the men in the erection of the light silk tent one of them had carried, and having gathered plenty of fuel for a fire, suggested a hunt.

"We have no food, you see," he argued, as they indicated their preference for immediate flight. "A good feast and then forward."

The Eskimos murmured, undecided.

"I saw fresh caribou tracks going northward," said Ellen persuasively. "You have had no food today, and without food how can you have strength for the march?"

"That is true," said Aluk. "But if they come after us, food will not be of use to dead men."

"Are these savages turnraks to fly through the air as we do?" said Ellen, scornfully. "When they come it will be slowly, on the ground, and by that time we shall have flown far away to your homes. Go, if you like, slowly over the ground, but for my part I stay to wait for the Great Bird to carry me on its back. Meantime, go and shoot a caribou for food."

"Will the bird return?" asked Arnanyak.

"Of course it will!" cried Tom. "It has only gone to bring the other white men."

Neither Tom nor Ellen dared even think the fears for the safety of their friend and brothers that was at the back of their minds.

Timothy, Ole, and Christopher, meanwhile, had stopped for a few moments' rest on a rise of ground, and were observing through their glasses the movements of the pursuing warriors.

The first of the speeding sledges had come up to the abandoned aeroplane, and stopped.

The warriors seemed afraid to approach it too near, remembering its savage rush at them a short while before. As the other sledges came up, they formed a respectful circle round it. The absence of the white men appeared to them as Timothy had hoped. They looked at the sky, then pointed to the west, and shook their heads despairingly.

The fugitives could almost hear them say: "They have gone to their kin in the sunset country, as they said. What is to become of our tribe now they are gone?"

An old Eskimo stepped out and seemed to address the others. He pointed to the plane.

"They told us that they would leave the Great White Bird to sleep among us till their return. We angered them with our arrows and our talk of forcing them to stay," he seemed to declare. "But they

have repented of leaving us with no protection against evil. They left the bird sleeping on our plain. Let us take it back with us to the plateau, and be thankful."

Still the warriors seemed to hesitate to approach the "bird."

"They are afraid she will wake up and go for them as she did on the plateau," Timothy observed.

"They will probably make a fetish of it in the tribe," said Christopher, as the warriors were seen to begin a wary dance and incantation round the machine.

"They're putting her to sleep, I reckon," chuckled Ole.

Now that there seemed no longer a probability of the pursuit being continued, the tension of the white men's nerves relaxed.

Slowly, and with exaggerated gestures of respect, the warriors moved closer and closer to the plane in their circular dance.

"She doesn't move! They have got her hypnotised!" laughed Ole.

"I hope they will shield her from the weather," mused Timothy. "Do you suppose she will be fit to use when we come back to Copper Mountain?"

"We'll come back in very different circumstances then," said Ole; "maybe surveying for a railroad to take out all that wealth."

"Between us we were able to bring along plenty of specimens to prove our find, I think," said Christopher.

"And within a few weeks' time we shall be back at Prince Albert Sound—if all goes well—ready to go on down the coast, across the Gulf by the first freeze-up, and so on to Alaska and a steamer down to civilisation," said Ole.

"They are loading the plane carefully on their sledge," said Timothy, looking through his glasses.

The others looked. The dogs had been unharnessed from the largest sledge, and with awe and respect the warriors prepared to draw the plane back to the village themselves.

"What will she bring those superstitious people?" mused Timothy, as with the others he turned to resume the journey toward the camp where Ellen and Tom already sat awaiting them with some fat caribou ribs roasting on the fire.

"Ill-luck in the long run, I'm afraid," said Christopher. "The coming of the white man doesn't bring much happiness to the primitive tribes he displaces."

"I can't help thinking it is rather a rough deal for the Eskimos," said Timothy. "They are a good-hearted, courteous, hospitable people except when you mix up in their superstitions, and the less they see of the white man, with his selfish, grasping commercialism, the better for them."

"Would you have civilisation come to a standstill, then?" returned Ole. "How would the Empire grow, except by finding out and using the resources of new lands?"

Tom, meantime, lying relaxed before the fire, hunting after his successful caribou, was looking at the matter from his own personal standpoint, after the way of youth.

"There's millions in that mountain, Nellie! Millions!" he mused drowsily. "When I think how you and Chris have scraped and saved and worked to give Tim and me our education, and how, as soon as this thing gets started, you will have all you want or dream of, it sounds like a fairy tale, and I can't believe I'm awake."

Ellen only smiled calmly at her brother's exuberance.

"Christopher is completely cured and you and Tim are safe, and we have a new, good friend. That is all I hoped for, although it will be nice to be rich," she said. "Just give me your glove, Tommie; I think you've torn it. I'll mend it while we wait for the others to come up."

THE END

### Five-Minute Story

#### The Judge

SAMUEL BARLOW and Thomas King were old friends until they both changed their habitations and became enemies.

It was all because of an apple tree.

The gardens of their adjoining cottages were in a wild state when they came to them, and the former tenants had pulled down the dividing fence for firewood.

The apple tree stood in the very middle of their combined territory, and Samuel claimed it as his because its roots spread under his cabbage patch; and Thomas vowed it was his because the name on his gate happened to be Apple Tree Cottage, and he refused to accept Samuel's theory that this referred to a barren little apple tree near his door.

Perhaps if apples had been plentiful the controversy would not have raged so bitterly; but that season the coveted tree was the only one in the neighbourhood laden with the golden fruit which would put silver pieces into the pockets of its owner.

Mrs. Samuel Barlow got up early and picked up the windfall, and the fragrance of the apples she made so exasperated Mrs. Thomas King that she went out and gave the tree a good shake and gathered up her spoils.

This act annoyed both Thomas and Samuel, because picked golden pippins were fetching a good price, and when the fruit was ripe each man meant to have his right and carry it to the market.

The Barlows won, by making the most of their opportunity when their neighbours were obliged to go to see their married daughter. They packed the apples in hampers and Samuel took them straight to the town in his donkey-cart.

When Thomas came home he was so indignant that he set out to meet the offender while his wrath was hot.

Samuel came along gaily; in a little chamois bag in his pocket were the Treasury notes that he had received for the fruit.

"Thief, you are, Samuel Barlow!" cried Thomas, and he fell upon him and would have taken the bag from him if Samuel had not thrown it down.

Then they fought, until both suddenly fell back ashamed.

"It's a bad job, Samuel, for you and me to go fighting—so it is," muttered Thomas.

"Ay," said Samuel sheepishly. "I wish a judge would come along, Thomas, man, and settle who ought to have yon apple money. Why, where be it?"

He looked round, but saw only an old billy-goat chewing the last morsel of the chamois bag.

"Sakes!" cried Thomas. "Old Billy be the judge, Samuel. Apple money don't belong to neither, so he ate 'un, and tree's neither mine nor yours. We'll share it, man!"

And share it they did.

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# Sweetly Streams the Sunshine Through the Autumn Skies

## DI MERRYMAN

THE daughter of Mrs. Newly-Rich was going to entertain the company with a song, and one of the gentlemen present had been asked to accompany her on the piano.

"Ah!" said the pianist as he adjusted his spectacles, "this is in five flats, I see."

"Quite so," replied Mrs. Newly-Rich with a smile. "My daughter never sings in less than five flats."

### Point of View

AN Ant-eater, seeking a nest Of ants, came to Mount Everest.

"There was never its match!" He cried, starting to scratch, "Of all ant-hills I've seen it's the best!"

OF what men can it be said that they belong not to the animal, but the vegetable kingdom? Those whose experience has made them sage.

### Is Your Name Welch?

THIS name means the foreigner, and the word was especially applied by the English to the Western Celts. Wallis and Walsh are variants of the same name, and no doubt the ancestors of those who bear these names were of Celtic origin, and were given this name by their English neighbours.

### Mother Hubbard

Here is another old nursery-rhyme written in the style of a cross-word puzzle:

AGED Mrs. Hubbard proceeded to a storage-place To procure for her canine pet part of an animal skeleton. When she arrived the storage-place was empty; Consequently the canine pet received nothing.

### Puzzle Letters

THREE letters these rivers proclaim; Three letters an ode give to fame; Three letters an attribute name; Three letters a compliment claim.

*Solution next week*

### Slow Progress

TWO women had been having a long talk in the street, but at last one of them broke off the conversation with a jerk.

"Well, Mrs. Brown, I must be getting along now to the plumber," she said. "My husband's at home with his thumb on a burst pipe waiting till he comes."

WHEN may a bird be said to occupy a feather-bed? When it sleeps on the wing.

How could we make a tea-table into food? By taking away the t it would become eatable.

### A Gnatural Parachute



WHEN Snap fell out of his balloon He grabbed a passing gnat. So safe and sound he reached the ground.

"And that," laughed he, "is that!"

### A Tearful Task

"BILLY!" called his mother, hearing an uproar in the garden, "why are you making your little brother cry?" "I'm not," came the answer. "He's dug a hole, and he's crying because he can't bring it into the house."

### What Am I?

SEARCH Nature's storehouse, summon all your art, If you this wondrous secret would impart. Various my size and different in my hue; As ermine, I am white; as ether, blue; Yellow, and brown, and green, my forms are seen, And many other colours, too, I ween. Nor am I to one element confined; Earth, air, and water, too, produce my kind.

*Answer next week*

### On Equal Terms

TWO small boys were arguing as to which was the taller. "Of course I am taller than you," said Tom. "Why, you only come up to the top of my ear!" "Yes," replied Dick, "but your feet don't go down farther than mine, so I'm as tall as you that way!"

### ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

#### Reading Backward

Drawer—reward, don—nod, part—trap.

#### Alphabet and Arithmetic

Stack + potatoe—top—toe—tack + lamp—map + stone—nose = Salt.

*We much regret that by an oversight our artist spelt potato in the old-fashioned way, with an o.*

#### Hidden Mountains

Skiddaw, Etna, Kenya, Hecla, Cotopaxi, Ararat, Jungfrau.

#### Who Was He?

The Lover of Trees was John Evelyn.

## Jacko Drives a Cab

JACKO was delighted when he found an old cab standing in the market-place. The driver must have been having his dinner, for he was nowhere to be seen.

Jacko grinned from ear to ear. He had been such a nuisance all the morning that Mr. Jacko had ordered him out of the house. And now he saw a chance of getting up to his tricks again.

"Come on, Dobbin! We're going for a ride," he said.

And, sure enough, in a few minutes the cab was trundling out of the market-place down to the station.

Jacko had an idea that all cabs met trains. He saw himself making quite a lot of money.

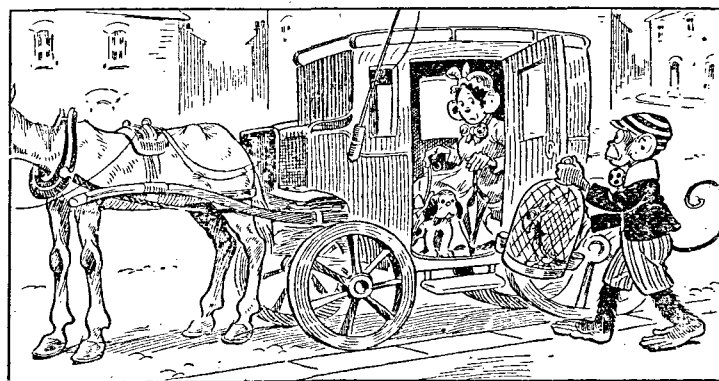
But none of the people at the station liked the look of his cab. They all preferred the smart motor-taxis, and Jacko wouldn't have had a "fare" at all if an old lady hadn't suddenly waved her umbrella at him.

"I'd very much rather have a cab," she said to her porter. "I don't care for these new-fangled motors at all."

Of course, Jacko was delighted. He hopped down from his perch and touched his cap to the old lady, and said, "Right you are, ma'am!" at least a dozen times.

And the old lady was very pleased.

"It's nice to have such a civil young man," she said. "I don't often meet with good manners nowadays."



It took some time to settle the old lady

It took quite a time to settle the old lady in the cab, but at last everything was on board, including a pet dog and a parrot, and off they started in high old style.

Suddenly the old lady put her head out of the window.

"Young man," she said, "you haven't asked where I am going."

And when she told him Jacko nearly fell off the box. The old lady wanted to be taken to his own home!

Of course, Jacko had forgotten that his mother was expecting an old friend to arrive that day on a visit. He didn't know what to do. He drove the cab right round the town while he tried to think of a way out of the difficulty. Then he started off a second time.

But the old lady was getting restive. She put her head out of the window, and said it seemed a very long way to Mrs. Jacko's house.

"And we've passed the station twice," she said suspiciously.

Jacko suddenly whipped up the horse. He had caught sight of the man who owned the cab. He was talking to a policeman and pointing at the cab.

The cab fairly rocked from side to side, and the old lady and the parrot were all on the floor in a heap by the time they reached Mrs. Jacko's house.

"I never knew such a driver!" said the old lady indignantly. "I shan't pay him his fare." But the driver had vanished.

## Tales Before Bedtime

### Cherry Pie

COLIN thought it was the most wonderful thing he had ever heard when Aunt Maud came home from visiting Miss Dix next door, and told Uncle James that Miss Dix had a most beautiful cherry pie growing in her greenhouse.

Colin was visiting his aunt and uncle for the first time, and he still felt too shy with them to ask many questions.

So he climbed on the greenhouse roof and had a peep at Miss Dix, and saw that she was a very bent old lady, hobbling about on a stick; a sort of fairy person, who looked as though she might grow cherry pies in pots.

He longed to see this wonderful thing so much that one day he climbed on the wall near the next-door greenhouse, and was just going to drop over and have a peep at the cherry pie when he heard footsteps, and then old Miss Dix came hobbling along—perhaps to have a taste of cherry pie!

This gave him such a fright that, instead of climbing down, he jumped—and fell with his foot underneath him.

Aunt Maud picked him up, because he was too much hurt to get up himself and carried him indoors; and when he was on the bed with his foot bandaged, she said:

"But why ever did you go over the wall?"

"I wanted to see a cherry pie growing," said Colin shyly, and he wondered why Aunt



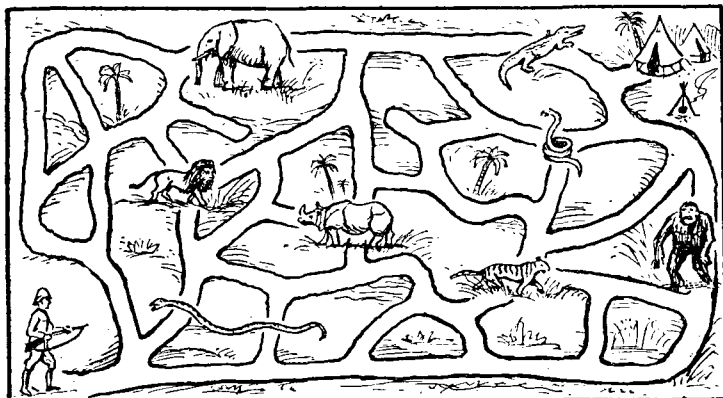
He climbed on the wall

Maud and Uncle James laughed so much; but when they told him that cherry pie was just a pet name for a sweet-smelling flower, he laughed too. And so did Miss Dix when she heard the story.

But she soon left off laughing, and she pleased Colin very much by inviting him to come to see the greenhouse and the famous cherry pie for himself.

As soon as he was well enough he went—and had a very jolly day, but the cherry pie that he liked best was the one that Miss Dix made herself for dinner and Colin helped to eat.

## The Explorer's Way Back to Camp



This explorer, returning from an expedition into the forest, finds that many of the roads back to his camp are obstructed by wild beasts. Can you find a clear road for him?

## Those Who Come and Those Who Go

How many people are born in your town and how many die? Here are the figures for five weeks in 12 towns.

TOWN	BIRTHS	DEATHS
	1925 1924	1925 1924
London	8143..8555..	3848..3770
Glasgow	2326..2324..	1166..1093
Manchester	1512..1452..	761..730
Dublin	1090..1186..	574..511
Belfast	927..1023..	480..435
Edinburgh	742..815..	473..508
Newcastle	677..623..	284..262
Plymouth	368..401..	163..176
Swansea	328..304..	149..137
Coventry	202..196..	93..97
Ipswich	132..153..	59..66
Bath	102..76..	60..73

The five weeks are up to Aug. 5, 1925.

## Ici on Parle Français



Le gril La pieuvre Le rossignol

Le gril est un ustensile de cuisine  
La pieuvre a de longs tentacules  
Le rossignol chante admirablement



Le nid Le triton La rame

Je vois trois œufs dans ce nid  
Il y a des tritons dans les mares  
Le marin a perdu une de ses rames



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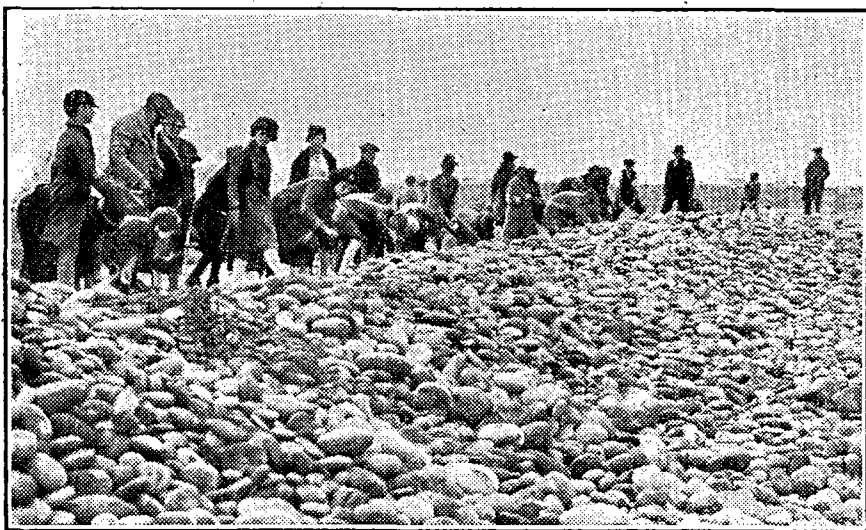
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October 3, 1925

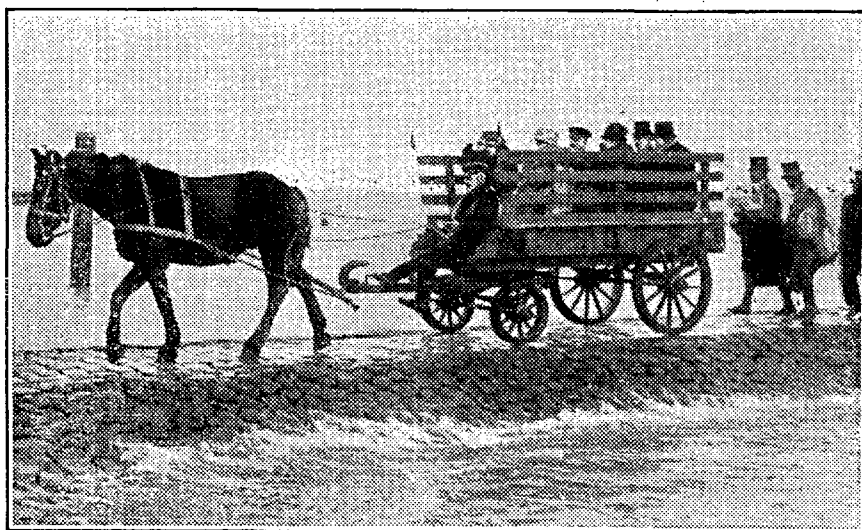
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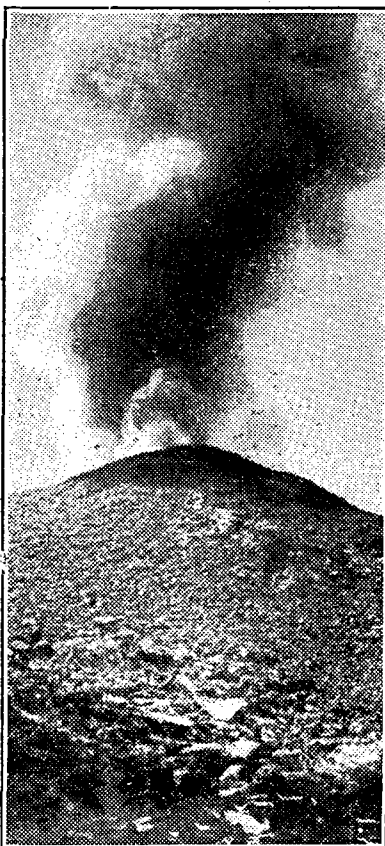
## RAMPART FOR WESTWARD HO • VESUVIUS SPEAKS • WHITE LINES OF SAFETY



**A Rampart for Westward Ho!**—The famous Westward Ho golf links in Devon have lately been in danger from the sea, and so the club members have been building a rampart of pebbles



**A Queen in a Cart**—This interesting picture was taken when the Queen of the Netherlands was visiting the picturesque Frisian Islands. She is seen driving in a quaint farm cart at Ameland



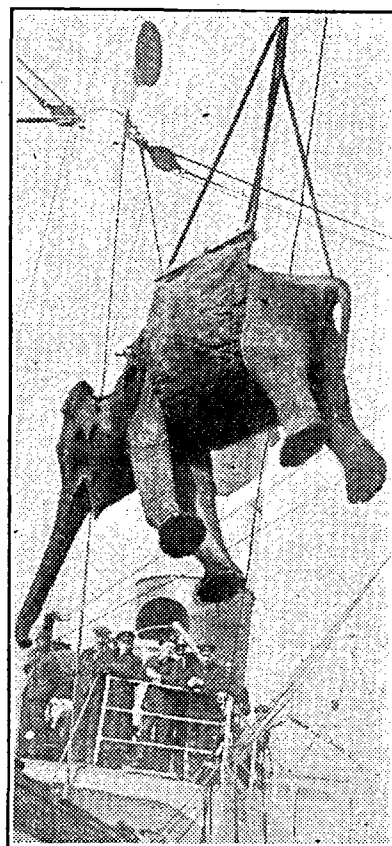
**Vesuvius Speaks**—After a short rest Vesuvius is in angry mood again, and has been pouring out smoke and ashes



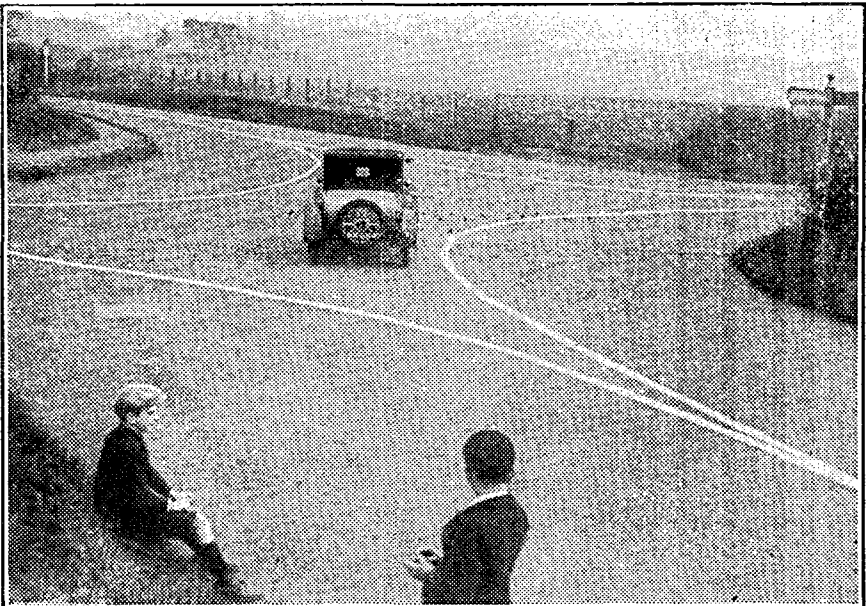
**Over the Veld for Diamonds**—The discovery of a new diamond field near Bloemhof, in the Transvaal, has caused a rush to the diggings. Here some miners are crossing the veld with a typical outfit. Cooking utensils and the materials for building a home are all packed on a mule waggon



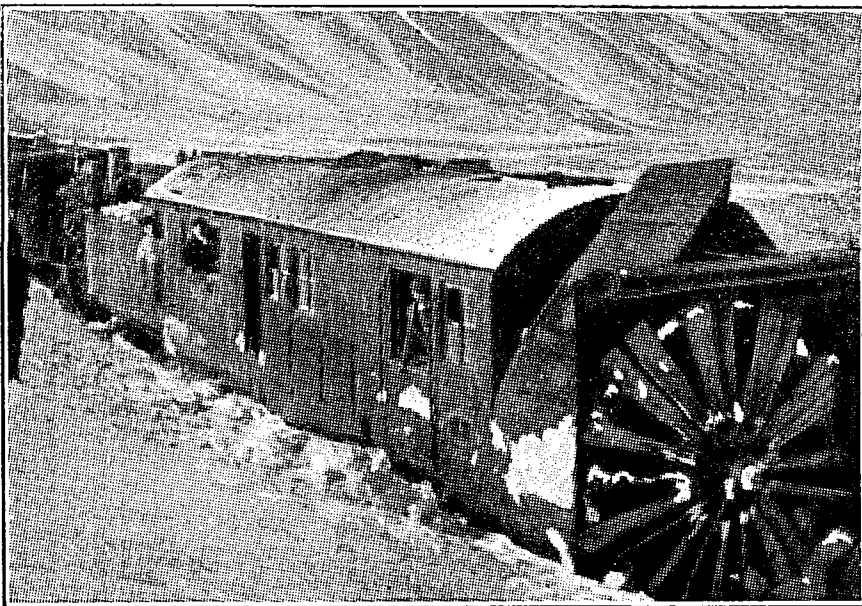
**A Race for Riches**—When the new Bloemhof diamond fields were officially declared open, hundreds of diggers took part in a race across the veld to secure and peg out the best claims. Many of the runners wore shorts and spiked shoes, and as we can see in this picture, the race was an exciting one



**An Elephant Up Aloft**—Here an elephant which was presented to the Prince of Wales in India is coming ashore at Tilbury



**The White Lines of Safety**—This picture of some dangerous cross-roads on the Cambridge Road at Ware, in Hertfordshire, gives an excellent idea of how the white lines help the traffic



**Railway Problems among the Andes**—Here is a snow-plough hard at work clearing the snow on the Transandine Railway, on which the Prince of Wales travelled from Chile to Argentina

## NATURE'S MIGHTY ARMIES ALWAYS MARCHING ON—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR OCTOBER

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